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THE ODES AND CARMEN SECULARE  
OF HORACE

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MDCCCXCVI.



THE  
ODES & 'CARMEN SECULARE  
OF  
HORACE

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY  
A. S. AGLLEN, M.A.  
ARCHDEACON OF ST. ANDREWS

*Dulce periculum*

GLASGOW  
JAMES MACLEHOSE AND SONS  
Publishers to the University  
1896



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## PREFACE.

IF I owe to any one an apology for this rash adventure it is to the Shade of Horace himself. But the genial bard would, I am sure, forgive. He was always indulgent to those who would make a friend of him, and if he could know what a solace through many a sleepless night, what an amusement during many a solitary walk, the attempt to translate his Odes has been, he would be indulgent to me. Besides, every fresh proof that his style was too perfect to admit of translation must gratify that vanity which was so transparent, and at the same time so harmless. And if any blame must be incurred for not keeping to myself the versions which it was so pleasant to make, it must be laid at the door of the too kind friends who have urged publication.

I cannot, however, expect my critics, if I find any, to be so indulgent, and I hasten to anticipate one censure which I am conscious is not undeserved. I have followed no rule in my choice of metres, or to be more exact, I found that the rule with which I started, to appropriate to each Ode some particular metre, must have exceptions. I have examined the theories on which other translators have worked, and they all seem to me to break down somewhere. I doubt if Horatian translation admits of a workable theory. A rigid adherence to any rule tends to introduce, what is never apparent in the original, a mark of effort. Even when it becomes common-place the verse of Horace is "inevitable." The right word comes in the right place. And he handles all subjects, grave or gay, with the same exquisite felicity of touch and lightness of phrase. He may be occasionally dull, but he never halts. Even in the Odes which deal with the serious themes from which he professes to long to escape to his favourite mood, and *non practer solitum levis* to sing of mirth and love, the verse trips along with an ease all its own. My chief aim in selecting a metre has been to try—

how imperfectly no one knows better than myself—to preserve something of the feeling of freedom from restraint with which even the prolix political Odes glide along.

It is, perhaps, for the metre which I have most frequently employed to render the Alcaic stanza that I shall incur most blame. I readily acknowledge its defects. It has six lines instead of four, and presents no equivalent to the stately third line which gives the Latin stanza its characteristic grandeur, and has won for it the name “the solemn Alcaic.” But I could not light upon any English four-lined verse which did not seem to me too monotonous to represent the Alcaic with its three varieties of measure. The incomparable imitation of it invented and so skilfully handled by Tennyson I found beyond my capacity.

I owe my thanks to Professor Ramsay of the University of Glasgow for kindly consenting to help this book into the world by some introductory remarks; but I must not claim the shelter of his name for the defects of the translations, since many of them were already printed before I had the benefit of a criticism which, could I have

availed myself of it throughout, would have been invaluable. I have indeed many friends to thank for kind encouragement and helpful suggestions, and among them cannot refrain from naming the Rev. S. A. Y. Thompson Yates, Mr. H. H. House, and, last, not least, the Rev. J. Bedford, of Stanmore, to whom

*Memor*

*Actae non alio rege puertiae,*

I here express my obligation for his kind and careful revision of my proofs.

A. S. AGLLEN.

ALYTH, *December 4th*, 1895.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

I FEEL proud to have been asked to add a few words of introduction to this volume. Generation after generation pronounces the Odes of Horace to be untranslatable: yet each girds itself anew to the attempt. Every phase and stage of our advancing civilization claims Horace for its own; each seeks to bring itself into line with the common sentiment of humanity by discovering in his imperishable phrases an expression of its own thoughts and feelings.

The range of his vision was not wide, nor his penetration deep; he had not the gift of the higher imagination. But perhaps all the more for that very reason—just because he confined himself so strictly to the range of average human emotion—he has exercised a unique influence over the cultivated, and even uncultivated, minds of the modern world. The young and the old: men of letters, men of affairs, men of pleasure: all alike have been

attracted by his good sense, his good feeling, and good taste; have felt the charm of his verse, and admired its exquisite artistic workmanship; have been fascinated by the matchless skill with which he probes the ordinary motives of mankind, and crystallizes his views of life into flawless gems of speech.

As a life-long lover of Horace; as one who has found in him an unrivalled master for awakening in young minds a sense of what is pure in style, of what is good, what bad, in literary form, I rejoice that the task of interpreting him to this *fin de siècle* should have been undertaken by one who is so fine a scholar as Archdeacon Aglen, and so completely steeped in the spirit of all that is best in our own literature.

G. G. RAMSAY.

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW,  
*November 22nd, 1895.*



# THE ODES OF HORACE.

## BOOK I.

### I.

#### *Mæcenas atavis.*

Maecenas, ancient monarchs'<sup>1</sup> son,  
My glory and my strength in one!  
Some among men their wish attain,  
If dust of the Olympic plain  
Gather round chariot-wheels that burn,  
So fast, so close they take the turn,  
And the proud prize once captured they  
Mount to the Gods whom worlds obey.

*This* man is blest if thrice allowed  
To office by Rome's fickle crowd;  
*That* if in his own barn he stores  
The wealth of Libyan threshing-floors.

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<sup>1</sup> "I am the son of ancient *kings*."—*Isaiah* xix. 11.

Not Attalus could bribe the swain  
Content to hoe his sire's domain,  
As seaman Cyprian bark to steer,  
And plough Myrtoan waves in fear.

Fresh from the Afric gales that fight  
Icarian waves, and fresh from fright,  
The merchant to his country seat  
Retires, and praises his retreat ;  
But loth to learn a poor man's cares,  
His battered ships he soon repairs.

Some for their wine—old Massic say—  
Will steal an hour from working day,  
Stretch'd where green arbuté branches spread,  
Or at some sacred fountain-head.

Many love wars, which mothers all  
Detest, the camp, the bugle-call,  
And blare of trumpet. Sportsmen stay  
'Neath frosty skies from eve to day,  
Nor thought for tender wife can spare,  
If the good hound a doe but scare,  
Or Marsian boar burst corded snare.

*My* heaven is this, to crown my brow  
With learning's meed, the ivy bough ;  
And find from men a cool retreat,  
A grove where nymphs with satyrs meet  
And lightly dance, on Lesbian lyre  
If Polyhymnia strike the wire,  
Nor of her flute Euterpe tire ;

Then style me Lyric Bard, and I  
With head aloft shall strike the sky.

## II.

*Fam satis.*

Dire hail and snow enough the Sire  
Has sent our land, and red with fire,  
His right hand, blasting fane and spire,  
    Has frightened Rome ;  
Has frightened earth, lest come once more  
Sights strange as Pyrrha did deplore,  
When Proteus drove his herds where o'er  
    Hill-tops they clomb,  
And on the top of elms would rest  
The finny tribe, where doves should nest,  
While timid hinds an ocean breast,  
    A flooded plain.  
We saw old Tiber's tawny tide  
In mad recoil from Tuscan side  
Surge back to wreck the Monarch's pride,  
    And Vesta's fane.  
Such long complaint his Ilia made,  
He vowed revenge, broke bounds, and strayed  
O'er his left bank, though Jove forbade,—  
    Fond river-swain !

Of brands made sharp for civil fray,  
Which better Persian foes might slay,  
Our youths will hear; but few are they—

    Their parents' sin!

What God a tottering nation's prayer  
Will hear? Must holy maids, howe'er  
They sing to Vesta, not despair

    Her ear to win?

To whom will Jove the part allow  
Of expiator? Now, O now,  
Thy shoulders bright cloud-veiled, come Thou,

    Apollo, Seer!

Or Erycina smiles may bring,  
With jocund Loves round fluttering;  
Or Mars one glance of pity fling

    On sons once dear!

The war-game even Thee must sate,  
Whom shouts and glancing helms elate,  
And Marsian soldier's look of hate

    On blood-stained foe.

Or if, mild Maia's wing'd son,  
Thou, in chang'd semblance, dost not shun  
The name of Caesar's champion,

    Wait Youth below;

Return not soon to heaven, but stay  
Awhile with Romans, glad as they,  
Nor speed on too quick breeze away

    To flee our stain;

Choose triumphs here ; here styled, with pride,  
Our prince, our father, long preside,  
Nor shall the Mede unpunished ride  
If Caesar reign.

## III.

*Sic te diva.*

The Cyprian Queen divine  
Direct thy course, and Helen's brothers bright  
Lend thee their starry light,  
And the winds' Father all his brood confine  
Save Zephyr, so thou pay  
Virgil, thy debt, O ship, to Attic shore !  
Protect him, I implore,  
And safe this half of mine own life convey !

Heart of oak and triple fold  
Of brass engirt his bosom bold,  
Who first to ocean's ruthless might  
Trusted a bark, thing frail and slight ;  
Nor at the war of winds did quail,  
Though southern blast met northern gale ;  
Nor feared the gloomy Hyades,  
Nor maddened Notus,—lord of seas,  
Since Hadria knows no stronger will  
To lift her waves, or bid be still.

Could death's approach in any guise  
Fright him who saw with tearless eyes  
Sea-monsters swim the turgid deep,  
Saw cursed Acroceraunian steep?  
With caution wise, but caution vain,  
Jove interposed the Sundering main  
'TwiXt land and land, if, spite decree,  
Ships impious leap the barrier sea.  
Bold to dare all, the human race,  
To sin forbidden, sins apace.  
Bold was the son of Japhet when  
Unhappy fraud brought fire to men.  
From its ethereal home the flame  
He stole, and wasting sickness came;  
New fevers, an invading troop,  
Began upon the earth to swoop,  
And death, the doom to man decreed,  
Once far and slow, now quickened speed.  
Men have no wings to float in air,  
Yet Daedalus that feat did dare:  
To burst the bars of Acheron  
Asks toil; by Hercules 'twas done.  
Nothing there is so hard or high,  
But men will do it or will try,  
Our folly e'en would scale the sky;  
Nor may Jove, by our sins defied,  
His angry thunders lay aside.

## IV.

*Solvitur acris hiems.*

Grateful change the zephyrs bring, winter's chain is  
loosed by spring,  
And the ships laid high and dry are dragged  
again to sea ;  
Now the flocks forsake the byre, and the ploughman  
leaves the fire,  
And no longer in the morning is there hoar frost  
on the lea.  
'Neath the moon's bright countenance Cytherea leads  
the dance,  
While the nymphs are taking hands with the  
Graces fair to view,  
Then with graceful rhythmic feet, they the ground  
in cadence beat,  
While fierce Vulcan fires the workshops of his  
monstrous Cyclop crew.  
Twine now each shining head with green myrtle, or  
instead,  
With such flowers as earth, released from her  
wintry prison, bears,  
And in the woodland shade let a sacrifice be made  
To our Faunus, of a lamb, or a goat if he prefers.  
Pallid Death's impartial feet at the poor man's hovel  
beat,

And the rich man's lordly tower. Oh my Sestius,  
 thought so blest,  
 Lengthened hope to entertain is forbidden, for in  
 vain  
 We look forward in a life-time, which is but short  
 at best.  
 Soon the weight of night must fall on your spirit,  
 and the hall,  
 The narrow hall of Pluto, hold you fast with  
 fabled shades ;  
 There the dice will not assign the kingship of the  
 wine,  
 And your friend you must abandon to the care  
 of loving maids.

## V.

*Quis multa gracilis.*

What slender youth with liquid scents bedew'd  
 Is courting you on roses thickly strew'd,  
 Pyrrha, in pleasant grot?  
 For whom twist you that golden hair in knot  
  
 So charming-simple? Ah! how oft he'll weep  
 For heaven's changed looks, the troth you would  
 not keep,



And wonder, slow to learn,  
How rough in murky winds Love's sea can turn.

Now, lapped in golden joys, he fondly sees  
You always pleasing, always free to please ;

Poor fool ! he little knows  
The fickle breeze that now so softly blows.

The wretch is lost on whom you smile untried ;  
My votive tablet on that wall, inside

The mighty Sea-God's shrine,  
Shows where I've hung my garments dripping brine.

## VI.

*Scriberis Vario.*

Let Varius, whose Maeonian wing  
Such flights can dare, thy prowess tell,  
And of thy frequent triumphs sing,  
Chief of the band that fought so well ;  
What feats by land, what feats by sea,  
That band achieved when led by thee !

But I, Agrippa, on my lyre  
Dare not attempt such lofty themes ;  
Achilles, staunch, but fierce and dire ;  
Or that sea-rover with his schemes,

Ulysses ; Pelops' cruel hall ;  
Small men grand deeds may not recall.

My lyre obeys a peaceful Muse,  
She lets no war-song thrill its string ;  
And I from diffidence refuse  
Illustrious Caesar's praise to sing,  
Or thine ; thy deeds might suffer wrong,  
From some defect within the song.

Where is the worthy pen to write  
Of Mars in adamantine mail?  
Meriones from Trojan fight  
Dust-blackened? or to tell the tale  
Of Diomed, by Pallas' aid  
A match for Gods in battle made?

Of feasts I love to sing, or war—  
If war at all—that lovers wage,  
Where sharpened nails the weapons are,  
And youths are met by maidens' rage ;  
I'm fancy-free one day, one day  
On fire with love, but always gay.

## VII.

*Laudabunt alii.*

Sunny Rhodes and Mitylene, let some other tell  
their merits,  
Praise Ephesus and Corinth with her walls from  
sea to sea ;  
The Bacchic Thebes, and Delphi which Apollo's  
fame inherits,  
And the vale of Tempe, fairest of the vales of  
Thessaly.  
There are some who have one passion, in music  
ever-flowing,  
All their life to sing the praises of the maiden-  
Goddess' town,  
Or to search the wide world over where the olive  
may be growing,  
That its leaves upon their forehead may be woven  
as a crown.  
In Juno's honour many will delight to tell the story  
Of Argos good for horses, or Mycenae famed for  
gold ;  
But for me not Lacedaemon, whose endurance is  
her glory,  
Nor Larissa's fertile meadows on my fancy took  
a hold

Like the spot wherein Albunea the voiceful has her dwelling,  
'Mid the sound of falling waters as the Anio takes her leap,  
Tibur's woodlands and her orchards where the moist leaves still are telling  
How the streamlets move among them, after falling from the steep.  
There are times when even Notus a beclouded sky will brighten,  
For, though of showers prolific, he not always brings the rain ;  
So my Plancus, it were wisdom with a mellow draught to lighten  
A life's laborious trouble, and a grief's protracted pain,  
Whether duty now detains you, where the martial standards glisten,  
Or you're bound for home and Tibur, where your trees their shadows spread.  
Teucer—to the tale of Teucer, it were well for you to listen ;—  
When from father and from Salamis, his island home, he fled.  
Round his brows a poplar garland—they were wet with deep potations—  
As he fastened, he addressed him to each sad and weary friend,

“Wheresoever Fortune leads us—she is kinder than relations—

We will go, my trusty comrades, we will follow to the end.

Why despair? 'Tis Teucer leads you, Teucer's fortunes that you follow,

There's a new world all before us, let us leave the world behind;

From the God I have a promise, it is safe to trust Apollo,

We have lost the ancient Salamis, another we shall find.

O my friends, my gallant comrades, we have fought through stormier weather!

How often by my side have ye quit yourselves like men!

Drink and drown the present troubles, let us drain one cup together,

And to-morrow venture forward on the great sea once again!”

#### VIII.

*Lydia, dic, per omnes.*

By all the Gods above

I do beseech you, Lydia, tell me this,

Why you on Sybaris

Are eager to bring ruin by your love?

Why now the sunny mead  
Detests he, patient once of dust and sun?  
Why does he riding shun  
With his compeers, nor curbs his Gallic steed?

Why touch of yellow flood  
Of Tiber does he dread, and why recoil  
From use of olive oil,  
More cautiously than if 'twere viper's blood?

Why lets he idle rest  
Those wrists the cestus bruised so black and blue,  
Who quoit or javelin threw  
Across the mark, a champion confest?

Why lurks he, as they tell  
Nymph Thetis' son on eve of Troy's sad day  
Lurked, lest his man's array  
To rush on death 'mid Lycian bands impel?

## IX.

*Vides, ut alta.*

Look at Soracte standing there  
So white, so deep in snow!  
Look how the branches strain to bear  
The weight that bends them low!

The frost "bites shrewdly,"<sup>1</sup> and with force  
To stay the downward rivers' course.

Go thaw the cold by piling up  
Fresh logs to burn, and pour  
From out the two-eared Sabine cup,  
More freely than before ;  
The wine is four years old, and may  
Be largely, Thaliarch, quaff'd to-day.

Leave to the Gods all else ! When they  
The winds have laid to sleep,  
And calmed the fury of the fray  
Upon the boiling deep,  
No more the ancient ash will rock,  
The cypress own the tempest's shock.

To-morrow's fate ask not to know !  
Each day's a gain from chance ;  
Then be content, and count it so,  
And give it to the dance ;  
With dance and love the hours employ,  
Nor scorn the pleasures of a boy.

For youth's fresh bloom will turn to grey ;  
And age is hard to please ;  
The wrestling-ground, the field for play,  
Now is the time for these ;

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<sup>1</sup> "The air bites shrewdly : it is very cold."—*Hamlet*.

Now as eve falls, let whisper sweet  
Oft tell how lovers planned to meet.

Now try from secret nook to catch  
The laugh that will betray  
Some sweet girl, hiding till you snatch  
A pledge of love away,  
From arm, or finger which pretends  
To grudge the ring it ill defends.

## X.

*Mercuri, facunde.*

Grandson of Atlas, eloquent  
Mercurius, thou whose craft and skill  
To early man sweet manners lent,  
By song and athlete's graceful drill!

Heaven's herald and great Jove's I sing,  
Who gave the rounded lyre its birth,  
Who, if he wants to steal a thing,  
Will steal it—in the way of mirth.

What threats Apollo used to fright  
The little thief! He stormed "Restore  
My cows—or else"—then laughed outright,  
Robbed of his quiver, robbed once more.



Wert thou not wealthy Priam's guide,  
 Who past the proud Atridae crept  
 From Troy, though fires on every side  
 Show'd where Thessalian foemen slept?

Just souls to seats of bliss apart  
 Thou lead'st, and ghosts obedient know  
 Thy golden rod, and dear thou art  
 To Gods above and Gods below.

## XI.

*Tu ne quaesieris.*

O ask not, for 'tis wrong to know  
     what date of death for you and me  
 The gods have fixed: have naught to do  
     with Babylon's astrology.  
 But take, Leuconoë—'tis best—  
     whatever Jupiter ordain,  
 More winters yet, or this the last  
     that drains the strength from Tuscan main  
 Upon the rugged headlands breaking.  
     Wisely pour your wine, nor plan  
 For aught beyond the curtailed hope,  
     that suits the brevity of man.

We talk, and as we talk, unkind  
     the moment will have sped away ;  
 Then count not, count not on to-morrow,  
     but mistrustful, snatch to-day.

## XII.

*Quem virum aut heroa.*

What man, what hero dost incline  
     On piercing flute or lyre to praise,  
 Clio? or is the theme Divine?  
     Whose name will Echo, when she plays,  
  
 From Helicon's dark sides repeat?  
     From Pindus' crest? from Haemus' cold?  
 Whence following Orpheus' voice so sweet,  
     The woods at random streamed of old.  
  
 He by his mother's art delayed  
     The streams that flowed, the winds that sped;  
 His tuneful strings such music made,  
     Oaks heard, and followed where he led.  
  
 Whose praise but His whom men agree  
     To praise, the Parent's,<sup>1</sup> claims my lay,

---

<sup>1</sup> Reading "parentis."

Whom gods and men, and earth and sea,  
And changing seasons, all obey?

From Him no greater can proceed,  
No match, no equal in degree;  
Yet o'er all else one claims the meed,  
And Pallas, bold in fight, is she.

Liber shall not my silence blame,  
The wild beasts' foe, the huntress maid,  
Nor Phoebus of the deadly aim,  
Who shoots, and all men are afraid.

Alcides too, and Leda's twins  
I'll sing, of whom the one with blows,  
With steeds the other, always wins;  
Whose star no sooner brightly shows

To seamen than subsides the deep,  
Nor longer beats a rocky shore;  
Winds drop, clouds melt, and billows sleep,—  
For 'tis Their will—nor threaten more.

But after these I hesitate;—  
Shall Romulus, king Numa's time,  
So peaceful, Tarquin's haughty state  
Be sung, or Cato's end sublime?

Make Regulus renowned, my lay !  
The Scauri ; him who greatly threw  
His life in Punic fight away,  
And threw in vain ; Fabricius too ;

Him, Curius, with the unkempt hair ;  
Camillus ;—soldiers good and true ;  
These the ancestral farm could bear,  
And cottage where they hardship knew.

As grows unseen the tree, so grows  
Marcellus' fame ; more bright than are  
All other lights the Julian shows,  
A moon 'mid many a lesser star.

Parent and guardian of mankind !  
Offspring of Saturn ! to maintain  
Great Caesar, fate to thee assigned ;  
Thou first, and Caesar second, reign !

Triumph *he* must ; or Latium free  
From dread the Parthian march so far ;  
Or force some Eastern bend the knee,  
China or Ind, in righteous war ;

Then as thy just vicegerent stand  
On earth ; but thy great car shall shake  
Olympus, and at thy command  
On guilty groves the thunders break.

## XIII.

*Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi.*

O Lydia, when you so admire  
The rosy neck of Telephus,  
The waxen arms of Telephus,  
My jealous heart is 'all on fire ;  
My bosom swells with rage and ire,  
To hear you praise him thus.

Nay more, my reason quits her throne,  
Its native hue forsakes my face,  
Tears down my cheeks each other chase,  
Although I'd hide them ere 'tis known  
What slow fires eat into my bone,  
How woful is my case.

It sets me all on fire to view  
Those shoulders, with their snowy shine  
All bruised in wrangle over wine,  
Or those sweet lips, to which are due  
Sweet kisses, bitten black and blue,  
A rough boy's passion-sign.

Ah ! hear my words and take alarm,  
Nor think the monster will abide  
A constant lover at your side,

Who such a gracious mouth could harm,  
Which, with quintessence of her charm,  
The Queen of love has dyed.

O happy, happy thrice and more,  
Are they whom wedlock's fastest tie,  
Has bound in lifelong constancy,  
Whose love will no sad jars deplore,  
Nor will dissolve itself before  
The day they come to die.

## XIV.

*O Navis, referent.*

O ship, new waves will rise to take  
You back upon the main ;  
What course is this? O haste to make  
The port, the harbour gain ;  
Your oars are torn away, your mast  
Has gone before the Afric blast.

Ah ! see you not how sad your plight?  
Nor hear your cordage groan?  
Quick ! ropes to make you watertight !  
Their added help alone  
Can save your poor belaboured hull,  
On seas now grown too masterful.

Your tattered sails! what hope is there?  
Your Gods! no Gods remain;  
Though new distress may urge the prayer,  
To Gods you call in vain;  
Nor will it now avail your crew,  
To boast the wood in which you grew,

To boast yourself a Pontic pine,  
A tree of name and mark;  
For not because its colours shine,  
Do sailors trust their bark  
In time of fear. Take care, or find  
You owe a plaything to the wind.

O ship! O trouble! and of late  
A trouble sore to bear,  
Still on my yearning heart a weight,  
A heavy weight, of care;  
O keep from those too dangerous seas  
That part the shining Cyclades!

## XV.

*Pastor quum traheret.*

While o'er the sea the treacherous shepherd took  
His hostess Helen in Idaean bark,

The rapid winds, in calm he ill could brook,  
Were hushed, and Nereus bade him stay to hark  
How he would chant his fortunes wild and dark.

“Ill bodes it for yourself, this bringing home  
A bride whom Greece, with mighty bands, from  
Troy  
Will ask again, Greece leagued in arms to come  
At once to interrupt your wedded joy,  
And Priam’s ancient kingdom to destroy.

“Alas! alas! what agony, what sweat,  
When horse and man go down! What graves you  
make  
For the Dardanian race! See Pallas set  
Her helm, upon her arm her aegis take,  
Prepare her car and all her fury wake.

“False is the fire by Venus’ aid supplied;  
In vain you comb your locks, and with the  
lyre,  
Th’ unwarlike lyre, your ordered rhymes divide,  
Those pretty rhymes that women folk admire;  
In vain into your chamber you retire.

“Not so will you escape the fatal darts;  
The points of Cretan javelins will not spare;



Hark to the clamour! Ajax, once he starts,  
Is quick to follow, and, though late, your hair<sup>1</sup>  
Will be begrimed with dust, adulterer!

“Do you not mark Ulysses, born the bane  
Of all your nation? Pylian Nestor too?  
And here come pressing on a fearless train,  
Teucer the Salaminian, and that true  
Soldier who knows the battle through and through,

“Who when there’s need for driving, drives so well,  
Of fighting, fights so well, brave Sthenelus;  
And Merion by his bearing you may tell;  
And there Tydides raging furious,  
Is hunting you—his father fought not thus.

“Him you will fly from, as a stag that flies  
A wolf, across the valley sudden spied;  
Forgetting now to graze, away he hies;  
So coward, you; I see your panting side;  
Were these deep sobs your promise to your bride?

“Troy’s day may tarry, but arrive it must;  
Well may her matrons fear Achilles’ fleet;  
Its wrath will hurl their city into dust;  
A few short winters will the doom complete,  
And Grecian fires will flame from street to street.”

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<sup>1</sup> Reading “crines.”

## XVI.

*O Matre pulchra.*

O daughter of a mother fair,  
But fairer still than she,  
My sland'rous verses do not spare,  
But throw them in the sea,  
Yes, into Hadria's waters throw,  
Or burn them if you like it so.

Not Dindymene can excite,  
Nor, in his Pythian cave,  
Apollo urge with equal might  
The heart of priest to rave ;  
Nor Corybants such passion-heat  
Into their clashing cymbals beat ;

Nor Bacchus madden, as does ire—  
Sad ire, which once astir,  
Nor Noric sword nor cruel fire  
Can from its rage deter,  
Nor, though it wrecks the ships, the main,  
Nor Jove's loud thunder-rush and rain.

Prometheus, forced to add, they say,  
From beasts of every kind,

A portion to our primal clay,  
A lion chanced to find,  
And from the wild beast carved a part,  
Its fury, for the human heart.

Ask why Thyestes met so dire  
A fate, why cities tall  
Fell headlong to the ground; 'twas ire—  
Ire always cause of all.  
'Twas ire the wanton foemen sent  
To lay low tower and battlement,

And plough them into ruins. So  
'Twere well your rage to bind.  
What passion is I also know,  
And how it fires the mind;  
In youth, and oh! my youth was sweet,  
It drove me forth in rage and heat

To swift iambic verse; but now  
I would the wrong undo,  
And change from harsh to mild, if thou  
Would'st be forgiving too,  
When I recant the words that pain,  
And give me back thine heart again.

## XVII.

*Velox amoenum.*

Fleet Faunus, who will often roam,  
 Lycaeus leaves to make  
 Pleasant Lucretilis his home,  
 And for my she-goats' sake,  
 Keep ever from the healthful plain  
 Fierce heats, and storms of wind and rain.

Safe are the woods for them to stray,  
 To hunt for thymy bank  
 And arbut, picking out a way  
 Beside their lords so rank.  
 Green-coated adders will not harm,  
 Nor fierce Haedilian<sup>1</sup> wolves alarm,

Whenever, Tyndaris, we take  
 The pipe, till with its strain  
 Ustica's sleeping valleys wake,  
 Its smooth rocks ring again ;  
 The gods protect me, for they guard,  
 As dear to Heaven, the pious bard.

If country pleasures you desire,  
 Here in full stream they flow,

---

<sup>1</sup> Reading "Haediliae."

As from kind plenty's horn; the fire  
Of dog-days' noontide glow,  
Will spare you while on Teian string  
In sheltered nooks you play and sing.

Here<sup>1</sup> of Penelope you'll tell,  
And Circe's crystal glance,  
And how both loved Ulysses well,  
Victims of one mischance;  
And in the shade as you recline,  
You'll drain a cup of Lesbian wine.

No dangers in this goblet hide,  
We drink as friends, not foes;  
Mars will not sit at Bacchus' side,  
To make us come to blows;  
Nor need you fear that Cyrus' eye  
Will here glare fierce with jealousy.

His hands are rude, and you no match  
For these; but have no dread;  
He shall not from your tresses snatch  
The crown that decks your head;  
Nor shall the saucy fellow tear—  
It harms him not—the robe you wear.

---

<sup>1</sup> Reading "hic."

## XVIII.

*Nullam, Vare, sacra.*

Varus, first of all your planting see you plant the  
sacred vine  
Where the walls of Catilus and Tibur crown a soil  
benign.  
Dry abstainers—God has willed it—find the world  
a scene of woe,  
Nor will gnawing sorrows fly before the wine begins  
to flow.  
Who, when wine has done its duty, cares to croak  
of empty purse  
And the hard lot of a soldier? No! of thee will  
we converse,  
Father Bacchus, and of thee, O Venus, in thy love-  
liness!  
But beware! Use Liber's gifts in moderation, not  
excess!  
Mark the warning in the wine-cup which the deadly  
quarrels made  
'Twixt the Lapithae and Centaurs; in the hand so  
heavy laid  
By the wine-god on the Thracians, till their lusts  
alone define,  
Right and wrong as they desire it, by those same  
lusts' slender line.

Thee, O shining Bassareus, I will not, till thou  
    please, excite,  
Nor thy woodland secrets will I drag into the open  
    light.  
Silence now the savage cymbals, silence Berecynthian  
    horn,  
Else blind self-esteem will follow, and vainglory will  
    be born,  
Empty-headed, too aspiring; and, what once was  
    honour true,  
Now will blab her secrets—glass, or worse than  
    glass, for showing through.

## XIX.

*Mater saeva Cupidinum.*

The cruel Dame whom Cupids call  
    Their mother, and the son  
Of Theban Semele, though all  
    My loves, I thought, were done,  
Have joined with my own lawless vein,  
To make me fall in love again.

For Glycera has lit a flame;  
    Her beauty, shining fair,  
The Parian marble puts to shame;  
    Her sweet but saucy air

Inflames me, and I'm dazzled quite  
By looks too dangerously bright.

Venus has left her Cyprian bower,  
On my one heart to fling  
Herself, herself in all her power,  
Nor leaves me free to sing  
Of Scyths, and how the Parthians wheel  
Their horses, and fresh courage feel ;

Nor aught but love. Then lay me down  
A fresh-cut turf, and twine  
Sweet boughs, and incense bring, and crown  
A bowl of last year's wine ;  
The Queen will come in gentler guise,  
If for her sake a victim dies.

## XX.

*Vile potabis.*

'Tis Sabine you will have to drink,  
From cups both plain and small ;  
Poor stuff, the wine, you well may think ;  
But then I sealed it all  
In its Greek jar, the very year  
They cheered you in the theatre.



The river to your fathers dear  
Returned that glad acclaim ;  
From either bank we seemed to hear,  
Thrown back in play, your name ;  
“Maecenas Eques,” so they ran,  
The echoes of the Vatican.

A wine the Cales vats produce,  
There is ; and Caecuban ;  
These you shall drink of if you choose,  
But not Falernian ;  
No wine so choice my cups may fill,  
Nor such as grows on Formian hill.

## XXI.

*Dianam tenerae.*

Ye tender maids, Diana sing ;  
Ye boys, the beardless Phoebus praise ;  
From *both* Latona claims her lays—  
Latona dear to Jove the King.

Praise *you* the maid who loves each rill,  
Each tress in woods that darkly frown  
On Erymanthus, or that crown  
Cold Algidus, and Cragus hill.

Laud Tempe, *you*, in equal choir,  
And Delos whence Apollo sprung,  
His shoulder with the quiver hung,  
And glorious with his brother's lyre.

For tearful war he'll keep away,  
And famine dire, and plague, from Rome  
And Caesar, and will chase them home  
To Mede and Briton, if you pray.

## XXII.

*Integer vitae.*

The man of flawless life and clear,  
Need take no Moorish bow or spear;  
Fuscus, nor shafts with poison smear  
To fill his quiver.

Whether where Syrtes rage he goes,  
Where Caucasus harsh welcome shows,  
Or where Hydaspes gently flows,  
A fabled river.

For once, as in a Sabine glade  
In careless mood, unarmed, I made  
Rhymes on my Lalage and strayed,  
A wolf fled daunted.

Not Daunias, nurse of soldier deeds,  
 In her oak woods such monster feeds,  
 Nor Juba's arid desert breeds,  
     Though lion-haunted,—

Place me where never tree can grow,  
 Where no sweet airs of summer blow,  
 An ice-bound world of mist and snow;  
     Or place, where over

A homeless waste draws all too near  
 The sun-car, Lalage e'en here,  
 With smile, with voice, both sweet, were dear,  
     And I should love her.

## XXIII.

*Vitas hinnuleo.*

You shun me, Chloe, like a fawn that goes  
 Seeking its timid dam 'mid pathless hills,  
 And all the wood, and every breeze that blows,  
     With vague alarms the little creature fills.

For should Spring's herald breezes only make,  
 When leaves hang light, a shiver in the trees,  
 Or should an emerald lizard stir the brake,  
     It trembles, trembles both in heart and knees.

Yet I am no fierce tiger to pursue  
And tear, or lion in Gaetulia bred ;  
Leave *your* dam's side ; 'tis now no place for you,  
And take a husband, for 'tis time, instead.

## XXIV.

*Quis desiderio.*

For one so dear, who thinks regret  
Is shame, or endless sorrow long?  
Be thou the Mistress of our song,  
And our laments to music set,  
Melpomene, to whom the Sire  
Made gift of liquid voice and lyre.

What ! endless sleep, perpetual night  
O'erwhelm Quintilius ! nay in sooth !  
Ask Reverence and unvarnished Truth,  
And those two sister virtues, Right  
And Honour, all unstained and clear,  
If *they* will ever find his peer.

Not few the good who mourn him dead !  
Thy grief, Virgilius, more than theirs !  
But all in vain the pious prayers  
By pious lips so duly said !

He was no *loan* to Heaven: 'tis vain  
To ask him of the Gods again.

What if the magic of thy string  
Were more than his of Thrace, who stirred  
The waiting woodlands when they heard?  
Thy charming would not backward bring  
The stream of life to that wan shade,—  
Mercurius' wand must be obeyed.

In vain to those stern ears you pray!  
Prayer will not fate's closed doors unlock:  
Once driven within the grisly flock  
By that dread wand, thy friend must stay.  
'Tis hard. But patience!—To endure  
Will lighten ills we may not cure.

## XXVI.

*Musis amicus.*

Since to the Muses I am dear,  
I well may give all grief and fear  
Unto the wanton winds to bear  
Into the Cretan Sea,  
  
The tyrant of the North, I'm told,  
Spreads terror from his frozen hold,  
And cows e'en Tiridates bold,  
But what is that to me?

O lover of the founts that spring  
 Untainted, flowers, thy sunniest, bring  
 And twine, Pimplea, while I sing,  
     Oh twine my Lamia's crown.

Unite with thy sweet sister choir  
 To praise him on the Lesbian lyre,  
 Not else may maiden string aspire  
     To add to his renown.

## XXVII.

*Natis in usum.*

For joy the wine-cup had its birth,  
     But o'er it Thracians fight;  
 A barbarous custom!—from your mirth  
     Dismiss it! use aright  
 The wine-god's gifts, and brawling shun,  
 'Twill lead to bloodshed ere 'tis done.

The Median scimitar but ill  
     Suits wine and lighted hall!  
 Peace, let this wicked din be still,  
     Propped on your elbows all,  
 You must be quiet, friends, if I  
 Your strong Falernian am to try;

For it is heady. And I make  
Conditions; for I pray  
Megilla's brother here to take  
A confidant, and say  
What wound is this has made him blest,  
What deadly dart has pierced his breast?

You do not like? My terms I've named,  
Before I drink, comply!  
Come, man, you need not be ashamed;  
Whate'er your passion, I  
Am sure a free-born girl inspires  
Your love; you burn with honest fires.

Come tell me; I'll not blab; my ears  
Are safe! What! fallen to this?  
Poor boy! how hard your case appears;  
Charybdis? that abyss?  
Entangled all the while in shame,  
When worthy of a better flame!

What witch, what mage, can pull you out  
With charms of Thessaly?  
Nay, did a god appear, I doubt  
If he could set you free;  
The triple-formed Chimaera's prey,  
Scarce Pegasus will drag away.

## XXVIII.

*Te maris.*

SAILOR.

Sea and land to measure, countless sands to weigh,  
Such an art was thine, Archytas, in thy day;  
Now of dust a handful, by the Matine shore,  
Hides both art and thee, a handful and no more.  
Quest 'mid homes of air, soul-voyage through the  
sky,

What did they avail Archytas doomed to die?  
E'en the sire of Pelops, though a welcome guest  
At the high Gods' banquets, perished with the rest;  
Perished too Tithonus, though conveyed above;  
Minos, though admitted to the confidence of Jove;  
And the son of Panthus,—lo! the world below  
Holds him as in a prison; twice he had to go  
Down to gloomy Dis; although at first he gave  
Naught but nerves and skin to the darkness of  
the grave,

And to prove this wonder that he saw Troy's day,  
Down he took the shield, once his, and brought  
away.

Was he least of Truth and Nature's prophets?—say!  
—Night awaiting all has darkened o'er his head;  
He has trod the path of death all feet must tread.



## ARCHYTAS.

Yes! and some are doomed to glut Mars' savage  
eyes ;  
Sailors are by fate the greedy ocean's prize ;  
Heaps on heaps of corpses, young and old they  
lie,  
Never yet was one stern Proserpine could fly.  
Me the wind that speeds Orion's downward ride,  
Plunged in watery death beneath th' Illyrian tide.  
Sailor! mark those limbs, and that unburied head ;  
Grudge not grain of shifting sand to hide the dead ;  
Then o'er Western waves, though raging Eastern  
gale  
Lash Venusia's woods, all safely may you sail,  
And may Jove be kind as great, and profits pour,  
While Tarentum's guardian, Neptune, makes them  
more !  
What ! refuse? and wrong your guiltless sons, as yet  
All unborn? Beware ! For fate will not forget  
Dues that you must pay, and pride may have a  
fall ;  
Nor shall I in vain to Heaven for vengeance call ;  
While all expiations fail for you—yes, all.  
Short the service asked—three handfuls thrown of  
dust :  
Hasten then away, content, if haste you must.

## XXIX.

*Icci, beatis.*

Arabia's boasted wealth! can greed  
Of this, my Iccius, fill you now,  
Or have you vowed a martial vow,  
To bind in chains the dreaded Mede,  
Or fight till you as captive bring  
Some yet unconquered Eastern king?

What! will you have barbarian girls  
Attend you, weeping for a swain,  
Or husband, in your battles slain?  
Shall some court page with scented curls  
Quit his sire's bow, his archer's skill  
With Seric shaft, your cup to fill?

Is this your wish? Then I for one  
Will not deny that rivers may  
Forsake at will their downward way,  
And up their native mountains run;  
Or Tiber backward turn, if you  
To your great promise prove untrue.

If you can leave your library,  
 Panaetius' noble books, your pride,  
 Bought with such sums from far and wide,  
 And from Socratic wisdom fly,  
 And all a Spanish mail to wear—  
 "O what a falling off were there"!<sup>1</sup>

## XXX.

*Venus, regina.*

Queen Love, thy Cnidos leave! away  
 From Paphos and dear Cyprus! stray  
 To Gycera's fair home; repay  
 Her incense and her prayer.

The glowing Boy thy comrade be!  
 Let nymphs and unzoned Graces three,  
 And Youth, ungenial wanting thee,  
 And Mercury hasten there.

## XXXI.

*Quid dedicatum.*

They dedicate Apollo's shrine:  
 The bard is here to pray;

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<sup>1</sup>O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!"

What asks he as the new-made wine  
He pours from bowl to-day?  
Not rich Sardinia's fruitful fields,  
Nor all the wealth their harvest yields,

Nor the fine herds Calabria's sky  
Burns down on as they feed,  
Nor gold, nor Indian ivory,  
No! nor the peaceful mead  
The silent Liris eats away,  
As on his quiet waters stray.

At Cales let them tend their vines,  
Whom Fate gives vines to tend;  
Let the rich merchant drain his wines  
From gold cups; Heav'n's his friend,  
Since thrice or more, each year, he braves  
The terrors of Atlantic waves,

And if his stock of wines runs low,  
A bargain makes it good,  
Such gains from Syrian barter flow;  
But as for me, my food  
Is olives, endive, or, at best,  
The mallow easy to digest.

Enjoyment in such wealth to find  
Latona's son, be mine;

Healthy in body, sound in mind,  
May I in years decline ;  
Come age, but bring no base decay,  
Nor take the minstrel's harp away !

## XXXII.

*Poscimus. Si quid.*

We're wanted, lyre ! If in the shade  
In vacant moments we have played,  
Lend for a Latin song your aid,  
To live a year or more.

A Lesbian was the first to bring,  
A warrior, music from thy string,  
And 'mid the clash of arms he'd sing,  
Or, while on wave-washed shore

He moored his bark, he'd sing of wine,  
Venus, her constant Boy, the Nine,  
Or how the eyes of Lycus shine  
So dark to match his hair.

Apollo's glory ! Jove's delight  
When feasting ! O my sweet respite  
From labour, when I pray aright,  
O shell, attend my prayer.

## XXXIII.

*Albi, ne doleas.*

To make you, Albius, cease this fretting,  
These "dumps"<sup>1</sup> and doleful elegies,  
And try the merit of forgetting  
Her who so much her name belies,  
This Glyceria, unsweet, untrue,  
And for a younger lover too ;

Know that in love 'tis quite the fashion ;  
Lycoris there, with forehead low,  
She doats on Cyrus ; he his passion  
Has turned on Pholoe, although  
He does not in his wooing find  
The lady gentle, but unkind.

For wolves Apulian will be mated  
With goats, ere she will for the sake  
Of one with lawless pleasures sated,  
Go wrong, and love a noted rake ;  
So all goes by cross purposes,  
And Venus is to blame for this.

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<sup>1</sup> "Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,  
Of dumps so dull and heavy."

*Much Ado about Nothing.*

For she has come to this decision,  
 That when two persons she can find  
 Unlike in shape and disposition,  
 Those two she will together bind,  
 And send them 'neath her brazen yoke;—  
 'Tis cruel, but a cruel joke.

Myself here might have mated better;  
 But Myrtale, so late a slave,  
 Has chained me in a silken fetter,  
 Though fiercer she than wildest wave  
 Of Hadria, when the raging deep  
 Scoops bays along Calabria's steep.

## XXXIV.

*Parcus deorum.*

To heaven a niggard, I confess  
 The Gods I seldom heed,  
 In wisdom that is foolishness  
 To drift, my only creed;  
 But now I must sail back perforce,  
 And try the old abandoned course;

For Jove, whose fires are wont to fly,  
 In quivering flashes, through

The cloud-racks of a darkened sky;  
    “A bolt from out the blue”  
Shot forth, and through a cloudless heaven  
His thundering steeds and car were driven.

The earth, though solid, shook to hear,  
    The streams forgot to flow,  
And Styx, and Taenarus, that drear  
    And hateful seat below,  
And Atlas to his furthest bound,  
Were shaken by the dreadful sound.

Highest and lowest God can shift,  
    Can turn the grand to mean ;  
Things hidden into light can lift ;  
    And with her grasp so keen,  
And flap of wings, will Fortune wrest  
From *his* for *this* man’s head the crest.

## XXXV.

*O Diva, gratum.*

O Goddess, O fair Antium’s queen,  
    Ready from lowest grade  
Of human life to lift the mean,  
    Or make proud glory fade,



Till from their height the haughty fall,  
Their triumph turned to funeral,

Thee the poor farmer dares beset  
With ever anxious prayer,  
Bithynian sailors ne'er forget,  
Carpathian seas who dare,  
To hail thee mistress of the wave,  
And favour for their vessels crave.

Thee the rough Dacian, rovers too  
Of Scythia, hold in dread ;  
Nations and towns the whole world through,  
Fierce Latium at their head ;  
Mothers of barbarous monarchs shake  
With fear, and purple tyrants quake,

Lest, though each seem a pillar strong,  
Thy fell foot hurl him low,  
Lest from the city's gathering throng  
The cry "To arms!" should go ;  
"To arms!" till even laggards fight,  
And rising crush the despot's might.

Before thee stalks stern Doom ; of brass  
Her hand, that wedges grasps,  
And spikes that through great beams can pass ;  
Nor lacks the hook that clasps,

And holds inexorably sure,  
Nor liquid lead to make secure.

Thee Hope attends, and Honour rare,  
A maid in snowy vest :  
Nor will she from thy side repair,  
Though thou, so late their guest,  
Movest, as thy changed garments show,  
No friend to lordly halls, but foe.

But in the herd no faith is found ;  
The harlot swears and flies ;  
Friends, who are only friends around  
The wine-cask, when it dries  
Are gone ; 'twas false, their promise fair,  
That they the yoke would always share.

Preserve our Caesar, bound for fight  
In Britain, earth's extreme,  
And that new swarm of youths, whose might  
Will be a dread, we deem,  
To tribes upon the Red Sea strand,  
And regions of the Eastern land.

Alas ! the wounds ! alas ! the crime !  
O shame on brothers' strife !  
What wrong is strange to our fierce time ?  
Unventured in our life ?

From what, through fear of God's just law,  
Does youth of ours its hand withdraw?

What altar's spared? O sacrilege!  
Oh, would on anvil new,  
Thou'dst forge our weapons' blunted edge,  
And make them keen and true,  
Against the fierce Massagetae,  
And the wild tribes of Araby!

## XXXVI.

*Et thure et fidibus.*

Bring incense, and bring music too,  
And let them now the bullock slay;  
I like to give the gods their due,  
The gods who guarded Numida;  
For safe he comes, their care professed,  
From that far country of the West.

And now 'mongst comrades, thick and fast,  
He scatters greetings, in his joy;  
To Lamia most of all; the past  
Recalling, how the darling boy  
With him at school his book had conn'd,  
With him the manly dress had donn'd.

This day deserves a mark as fair,  
As ever chalk for day impressed ;  
Bring out the jar of wine, nor spare,  
Nor let the graceful dancers rest,  
Who in the Salian measure beat  
The ground with never-tiring feet.

If Bassus, in the Thracian way,  
Should challenge Damaris to try  
Who takes the deepest draught, he may,  
I trust, obtain the victory,  
Although, where tippling is, 'tis known,  
She's able well to hold her own.

Flowers must not fail our banquet hall,  
Rose, short-lived lily, parsley green ;  
But Damaris amid them all  
Of melting eyes would still be queen ;  
Not that she'll leave her lover new,  
But cling like ivy strong and true.

## XXXVII.

*Nunc est bibendum.*

Now drink and dance, the time allows,  
And deck the couch divine ;

In Saliaric mode carouse,  
And broach our grandsires' wine,  
The Caecuban, 'twas wrong before  
From the old bins to fetch and pour.

For Egypt's Queen her mad emprise  
Was plotting in those days,  
How amid Rome's death agonies  
The Capitol to raze,  
Urged on by her abandoned crew,  
And hopes which no sane limits knew.

For, drunk with Fortune's giddy draught,  
She let her fury burn,  
Till from the fires a single craft  
Scarce found a safe return;  
Then frenzy, Egypt's wine had bred,  
Gave way to veritable dread.

For Caesar, swift as falcon's flight  
The tender pigeons scare,  
As huntsmen on Haemonia's height  
Through snow might chase a hare,  
Rowed hard the dangerous Queen to chain,  
A monster fatal to his reign.

She fled from Italy to hail  
A death might fame afford,

Her's was no woman's heart to quail  
In terror at a sword ;  
Nor, though her ships were swift, would she  
To distant hiding-places flee.

With steadfast eye she dared to look  
Where once her palace stood ;  
The serpent in her hand she took,  
Its poison in her blood ;  
And spread a name through every land,  
For daring, by the death she planned.

No fierce Liburnian galley's crew,  
She whispered in her pride,  
Should bring her for all Rome to view,  
Who once all Rome defied ;  
"What ! be unqueened, and made a show  
For Rome, in Caesar's triumph? No."

## XXXVIII.

*Persicos odi.*

Boy ! not for me this Persian state,  
Your linden-woven crowns I hate ;  
Care not to search if somewhere late,  
There linger roses :

Plain myrtle, only myrtle, twine ;  
It suits you as you pour my wine,  
Me, as I drink it, where a vine  
My bower encloses.

## BOOK II.

### I.

#### *Motum ex Metello.*

Metellus' fatal consulate,—  
    What brought that evil time,—  
The civil war that rent the state,—  
    Its every phase and crime,—  
The freaks of fortune, men's intrigues,  
And mischief sprung from chieftains' leagues,

From which our swords are reeking yet  
    With blood, which none appease;—  
The die is cast for those who set  
    Their hand to themes like these;  
Over still smouldering fires you tread;  
The treacherous ashes are not dead.

Let your stern Tragic Muse awhile  
    Be still and quit the stage;



Our public annals now compile,  
With history fill the page;  
Then don the Attic sock once more,  
And tragedy's high scenes explore.

The sad accused, my Pollio, turn  
To your renown'd defence;  
The Senate will no cause discern,  
Without your eloquence;  
Ne'er can your martial laurels die,  
Won in Dalmatian victory.

E'en as we read, the trumpet blares,  
The clarion loud replies,  
The glint of flashing armour scares  
The horse, and blinds the eyes  
Of the dazed trooper as he rides,  
And scarce his startled charger guides.

And hark! great chieftains' battle-cries!  
I hear their challenge plain;  
The dust of battle on them lies;  
I see its glorious stain,  
A sign of all the world subdued,  
Save Cato and his stubborn mood.

For Juno, and the gods whose power,  
When Libya claimed their aid,

Had failed her in her direst hour,  
    And left her wrongs unpaid,  
Now offered at Jugurtha's tomb,  
His victors' grandsons in their room.

If blood can fatten earth, what plain  
    But teems through that we spilt  
In wicked wars, whose graves remain  
    To witness to our guilt,  
And still the dreadful sounds recall,  
**That** told the Mede Italia's fall.

Each river-voice a sadder moan  
    Has borrow'd from our strife,  
And every sea has crimson grown  
    From loss of Daunian life;  
And is there coast the wide world o'er  
That has not tasted Latin gore?

But Muse! why quit your sportive vein?  
    Your tone so blithe and gay?  
To Cean change the playful strain,  
    To dirge the roundelay?  
No! you in Venus' bower must sing,  
And touch with lighter quill the string.

## II.

*Nullus argento.*

The silver hid in greedy mines  
Lacks colour, Crispus, and inclines  
Your soul to loathing, till it shines,  
When used aright.

A father to his brothers!—long  
Shall fame bear up on wing of song  
The name of Proculeius—strong  
That plume for flight!

To curb desire makes wide domain,  
Wider than Libya joined to Spain,  
Or if o'er Carthage you should reign,  
Both Old and New.

Fell dropsy thirsts, and drinks to grow;  
To cure that thirst, its cause must go  
From veins, pale body cease to show  
A wat'ry hue.

On Cyrus' throne Phraates rest,  
Styled happy by the vulgar test!

But Virtue from the list of blest  
Thy name has razed ;

Correcting false esteem, a throne,  
Safe crown, and bays she makes his own,  
Who piles of gold, and his alone,  
Beholds undazed.

## III.

*Aequam memento.*

Remember in misfortune's strain,  
To keep an equal mind ;  
Nor less when things grow bright again  
To keep your joy confined  
In bounds, nor let it soar too high,  
For Dellius ! you are sure to die.

Whether through all the years behind,  
A housemate grief would stay ;  
Or, in some grassy nook reclined,  
You passed each holiday,  
Glad, with the wine-cup in your hand,  
Falernian of the choicest brand.

Why does huge pine, and poplar white,  
With branches interlaced,

To hospitable shade invite?  
Why<sup>2</sup> does the streamlet haste  
To let its eager waters go  
In zig-zag passage to and fro?

Hither bring unguents—tell your boy—  
And wines, and roses too,  
Sweet flowers that yield too short a joy,  
While Fortune favours you,  
And youth permits, and Destiny—  
Dark thread spun by the Sisters three.

From woods, for which such sums you gave,  
From dwelling, you must flit:  
The villa, which the yellow wave  
Of Tiber laves, must quit;  
The wealth you piled to such a height,  
Your heir will take it as his right.

What matters whether rich you trace  
To Inachus of old  
Your birth, or, of the lowest race  
And poor, beneath the cold  
You linger, of the open sky;  
Death pities none! we all must die!

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<sup>2</sup> Reading "quid."

We all are driven one road ; for all  
Is shaken, soon or late,  
The lot of destiny to fall,  
From out the urn of fate,  
And us to our sure doom devote,  
The endless exile of the boat.

## IV.

*Ne sit ancillae.*

You love a waiting maid? What then!  
My Xanthus, where's the shame?  
Achilles, proudest among men,  
Before you did the same ;  
Briseis' snowy charms he spied,  
And loved a slave, for all his pride.

Tecmessa with her beauty won,  
Though but a captive maid,  
Her captor Ajax Telamon ;  
And in the full parade  
Of triumph, great Atreides knew  
That fire of love can triumph too.

The foes had fallen. Great Hector lay,  
By bold Achilles slain ;

The towers of Troy, an easier prey,  
    Were waiting to be ta'en ;  
But ere the wearied victor brought  
His captive home, the flame had caught.

How know you but the yellow hair  
    Of Phyllis brings new pride ?  
A son-in-law may claim to share  
    The birthright of his bride ;  
And yours, I'm sure, has sprung from kings,  
And 'tis *their* loss her bosom wrings.

Trust me, the girl beloved by you,  
    From no vile stock was born ;  
You know her, and you know her true ;  
    Base gain she holds in scorn ;  
Whoe'er her mother was, in shame  
You ne'er will have to speak her name.

What ! jealous ! when you hear me praise  
    Her ankles, face, and arms !  
As if I could be in these days  
    Susceptible to charms ;  
You surely can't suspect me, when  
My years run on to four times ten.

## V.

*Nondum subacta.*

Your heifer's neck can never bear  
The yoke with its oppressive weight ;  
If yoked she cannot work her share ;  
Nor is she old enough to mate.  
Where grass is green she loves to stray,  
Or in the stream her limbs to cool,  
Or with her sister calves to play,  
'Mid willows dripping o'er a pool.

Pluck not the unripe grape ! refrain,  
Till Autumn with its varied hues  
The livid berries purple stain,  
And bid you a ripe cluster choose.  
The maid will soon to woo you come,  
Since Time with her runs swiftly too,  
And years it adds unto her sum,  
It first has snatched away from you.

And in short time, this Lalage,  
With saucy forehead you will find,  
Herself upon the search to be,  
To get a husband to her mind ;



How loved she'll be ! coy Pholoe  
    Could never such affection share,  
Nor Chloris, though so fair to see,  
    With both her gleaming shoulders bare,

That not the moon more brightly shines  
    Above the sea in calmest night ;  
Nor Cnidian Gyges, who combines  
    All that in girl or boy is bright ;  
For if with girls you made him dance,  
    He would deceive the wisest there,  
So puzzling is his countenance,  
    So like a girl's his flowing hair.

## VI.

*Septimi, Gades.*

Septimius you would go with me  
Where Cantabri still brave us free,  
To Cadiz' barbarous shoals, or sea  
    Whose Moorish waters boil.

But Argive Tibur—thither tend  
My steps, my few last years to spend,  
My wars and wanderings all to end,  
    And rest from weary toil.

This if harsh fate will not permit,  
 Galaesus, dear to sheep, will fit,<sup>1</sup>  
 The country on whose throne did sit  
                   Phalanthus, Sparta's son.

Of all the world that nook for me  
 Hath charms, for not Hymettus' bee  
 Makes sweeter honey; there you see  
                   Venafrum's fruits outdone.

Long spring, mild winters, Jove assigns  
 That favoured spot, and Aulon's wines,  
 So rich and rare, Falernian vines  
                   As rivals need not fear.

Those blissful towers invite us two;  
 There, when your poet dies, shall you  
 O'er his warm ashes drop his due—  
                   A kind and friendly tear.

## VII.

*O saepe mecum.*

O oft reduced to straits with me  
 When Brutus led our fights,

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<sup>1</sup> "Some far removed place will fit."—*Il Penseroso.*

Who has restored alive and free  
The Roman to his rights?  
The wanderer to Italian skies  
And his paternal deities?

Of friends, O Pompey! first and best!  
How oft in lagging hours  
Have we with wine made breach, all drest  
My head with festal flowers,  
And all my tresses redolent  
With odours breathed from Syrian scent.

The headlong haste to quit the fray  
Upon Philippi's field,  
I shared with you, and, sad to say,  
I left my puny shield:  
Valour was crushed, and those who thrust  
Their high threats forward bit the dust.

But me the swift Mercurius drew  
Safe through the hostile crowd,  
Still trembling, though concealed from view  
By screen of gathered cloud,  
While you once more the restless wave  
Sucked back, and to the battle gave.

But here you are! To Jove you owe  
A feast; then pay it now!

Your battle-battered limbs bestow  
    Beneath my laurel bough !  
And do not, while you rest, the wine,  
Label'd for your own use, decline.

Fill the bright cups with Massic ! fill !  
    Drink and forget your care !  
Pour from the shells their unguents ; still  
    There's plenty and to spare ;  
Who weaves our crowns ? Some parsley, quick !  
All dripping, or some myrtle, pick !

Who's master of our feast to-day ?  
    Let Venus choose ! for me,  
I revel as a Thracian may,  
    Or even more than he.  
My friend is back and I am glad,  
What harm to be a little mad ?

## VIII.

*Ulla si juris.*

Did broken oaths inflict some harm,  
Barine, and reduce your charm  
By one discoloured nail or tooth,  
I then could think you spoke the truth.

But lo! when once the word is said  
That binds with oaths your faithless head,  
You flash more lovely on the sight,  
Our youths' desire, a world's delight!

You gain whene'er you cheat with lies  
Your mother's buried corpse—the skies  
With silent signs of night aglow,  
The gods, chill death who cannot know.

Venus at this must laugh, I say,  
And Nymphs, look simple as they may;  
O'er blood-stained stone fierce Cupid, while  
He whets his fiery darts, must smile.

Our growing youths all grow for you,  
Grow a new batch of slaves, nor do  
The first, though often threatened, fly  
Your home and your impiety.

Old man and mother dread you; he  
To spare his gold; her youngster she;  
And maids just wedded in alarm  
Wait lords belated by your charm.

## IX.

*Non semper imbrēs.*

The clouds do not with ceaseless pour  
Rain down upon the miry lea,  
The changeful tempest does not roar  
For ever o'er the Caspian sea ;  
Ice does not in Armenian plain,  
My Valgus, all the seasons last,  
Nor do Garganus oakwoods strain  
For ever 'neath a northern blast ;  
The ash does not of every leaf,  
Stand widowed all the year ; but you,  
In endless elegies your grief,  
For Mystes, one sad theme, renew.

When Vesper rises, "He is dead,  
My Mystes ! I will weep," you cry ;  
The sun has chased him to his bed,  
And still for your lost friend you sigh.  
What if that aged hero thus,  
Who lived three times our mortal span,  
Had mourned his dear Antilochus,  
While all his weary seasons ran ?  
For Troilus his parents wept,  
The Phrygian maids, his sisters, too,

But even their great sorrow slept  
When woe had had its tribute due.

But you these plaintive cries prolong,  
Indulging in unmanly verse ;  
But cease, I pray ; I claim your song,  
Great Caesar's glories to rehearse.  
We'll sing the trophies lately won,  
We'll sing Niphates frozen o'er,  
And Median river forced to run  
With smaller volume than before ;  
Through conquered tribes it now must glide,  
Gelonian plains are bounded now,  
Nor may the subject horseman ride  
Except where Caesar's arms allow.

## X.

*Rectius vives.*

Licinius, in life's voyage keep  
The safer course, avoid the deep,  
Shun the lee shore, nor closer creep  
In dread of squall !

The golden mean ! who chooses this,  
All risk of squalid home will miss,  
Nor live an inmate, drunk with bliss,  
Of envied hall.

Winds rock the pines when they are tall;  
The highest towers have sorest fall;  
The bolt strikes, when it strikes at all,  
The mountain crest.

The heart that is attempered right  
For either lot, when days are bright  
Will fear, when dark will hope invite.  
At Jove's behest

Storms come and go; what's wrong may mend;  
Apollo can his bow unbend,  
And wake his silent harp to lend  
A tuneful tale.

Though poor, be brave! Some spirit show!  
And should the breeze too prosperous blow,  
'Tis time, as all wise seamen know,  
To shorten sail.

## XI.

*Quid bellicosus.*

Quintius Hirpinus, why so keen  
To know what wars are planned?  
The Adriatic lies between  
Us and the Scythian's land;



Then let the warlike projects go,  
Of Scythian or Cantabrian foe.

Time flies so fast, so little needs,  
Why fret? youth speeds away,  
And to its beardless grace succeeds  
Dry age, and hair of grey;  
Good-bye to all love's eager fires,  
And easy sleep, when youth retires.

Spring brings the flower a grace; it flies,  
Another takes its place;  
The moon a changing light supplies,  
A blush on changing face;  
Then why with these unresting plans  
Distress a soul so frail as man's?

Why not beneath this lofty pine,  
Or this tall plane instead,  
With me, just as you are, recline,  
Sweet roses round your head?  
With Eastern nard our locks, though grey,  
We'll curl, and revel while we may!

For wine disperses eating care;  
But liquor should be cool;  
Quick! take these cups; what boy is there?—  
And dip in limpid pool;

That running stream will serve your turn ;  
Falernian, if uncooled, will burn.

Run one of you and lure the shy,  
    But wanton Lyde ! say,  
She fetch her harp of ivory  
    And hasten here to play ;  
Her hair too she must neatly bind  
In knots of the Laconian kind.

## XII.

*Nolis longa feræ.*

The wars which fierce Numantia long  
    Endured, or Hannibal's stern ire ;—  
You would not have me offer wrong  
    To the soft measures of my lyre,  
By fitting to it themes like these,  
Telling how Punic blood made red Sicilian seas ?

No, nor the savage Lapithæ,  
    Nor drunk Hylæus, nor the fight  
The youths, great Tellus' progeny,  
    Waged, till Alcides, with his might  
Subdued them, yet with risk so near,  
Old Saturn's shining dwelling shook with fear.

Take Caesar's triumphs, even those  
    Would with a nobler record live,  
Maecenas, in your stately prose,  
    Than any form my art could give ;  
Tell you his wars, and how he brings  
Along the streets the necks of boastful kings.

My Muse directs her minstrel's art,  
    A lady's song for theme supplies,  
She bids me praise Licymnia's heart,  
    She bids me praise Licymnia's eyes,  
Those eyes so bright, that constant breast,  
Of happy mutual love the guardian blest.

She dances, and you praise her feet ;  
    She laughs, you think her laugh divine ;  
And when on Dian's day there meet  
    In sport, and shining arms entwine,  
Fair maids, you'll say Licymnia's place  
Is always there that festival to grace.

The gold of rich Achaemenes,  
    Or Mygdon's Phrygian treasures rare,—  
You would not change for all of these  
    One tress of sweet Licymnia's hair,  
Nor for full Arab houses—all  
Would be a bargain many times too small,

When once she turns her neck to meet  
Those burning kisses that you pour,  
Or with a wilfulness so sweet,  
Denies that you may try the more  
To snatch, not ask for: snatch your fill,  
Or, if you like it, let her snatch; she will.

## XIII.

*Ille et nefasto.*

He who first planted thee, O Tree—  
O cursèd day! O hand profane!  
Reared thee his own descendant's bane,  
Reared thee his hamlet's scorn to be.

The wretch—yes, I believe it quite—  
The neck of his own father broke,  
And made his own guest-chambers soak  
With blood shed in the silent night.

Poison of Colchis, every dread  
And impious crime he used, who thee  
Reared on my ground, O wretched Tree,  
To fall upon my guiltless head.

From hour to hour what risks to shun  
Man is not warned; the sailor who  
The Bosphorus fears, fears, once he's through,  
No ills lurk else beneath the sun.

One dread our soldiers entertain,  
The Parthian arrows when they fly;  
To frighten Parthians Italy  
Has a strong prison-house and chain.

But what the strength of Death can stay?  
Death steals upon us unforeseen;  
Away the nations that have been  
It swept, and still will sweep away.

How nearly I, when this befell,  
Saw Proserpine, her realms of gloom,  
And Aeacus pronouncing doom,  
And where apart the pious dwell.

And Sappho, on Aeolian string,  
Of her land's maidens making moan,  
And one who wakes a fuller tone  
With golden quill; for he can sing,

Alcaeus, of all woes by land  
And on the sea, in flight or fight;  
And ghosts, that each should themes recite  
Sacred to silence, wond'ring stand.

Round *him* the greater crowd appears,  
Jostling each other in their haste  
To hear of wars, and tyrants chased,  
And drink all in with greedy ears.

What wonder, when at that song's sound,  
The hundred-headed beast depress'd  
Black ears entranced, and paused for rest  
The snakes in Furies' tresses bound !

Prometheus too forgets his woe,  
And Pelops' sire—such song's sweet power!--  
Orion leaves the lynx to cower,  
Unhunted lets the lion go.

## XIV.

*Eheu fugaces.*

O Postumus, O Postumus,  
How fast the years glide by !  
Old age and wrinkles threaten us,  
Nor pause for piety !  
Nor may you death's approach defer,  
For death will still be conqueror !

Three hundred bulls, a bull each day,  
Offer at Pluto's shrine ;  
Nor bulls, nor tears, his destined prey  
Will tempt *him* to resign,  
Who keeps huge Geryon below,  
And Tityos, where the waters flow

Of that sad stream, which all, alas !  
Who live by gifts of earth,  
Must sail across, yes, all must pass,  
Though back to kings our birth  
We trace, or with a peasant's toil  
We cultivate a needy soil.

In vain from blood-stained fields to run ;  
In vain while breakers roar,  
The noise of Hadria's waves to shun ;  
In vain, till Autumn's o'er,  
To dread the wind that sets from East,  
The wind nor good for man nor beast.

Cocytus we must visit, trace  
Him languid through the gloom ;  
And see the Danaid's cursèd race,  
The Aeolid's long doom ;  
Yes, we must look—we cannot choose—  
While Sisyphus his task renews.

Earth you must leave and home, away  
From charming wife must go ;  
Of all the trees you plant to-day,  
The Cypress, type of woe,  
Alone will follow when you yield  
The short-lived mastery of your field.

Your heir will drink the Caecuban,  
Kept under lock and key,  
And think himself the better man,  
His revels flow so free,  
And sovereign pontiffs, when they dine,  
Scarce drench the floor with lordlier wine.

## XV.

*Jam pauca aratro.*

Few acres will they leave to plough,  
These piles the wealthy make ;  
The fish-ponds they are digging now  
Surpass the Lucrine lake ;  
Our elms must go—they plant instead  
The plane tree, which no vines will wed.

Our orchards turn to gardens, fair  
With nosegays, for their scent,  
Where beds of violets, and where  
The myrtle redolent,  
Will nothing but perfumes afford,  
Where olives grew for former lord.

The laurel too will lend thick shade  
Against the noontide ray ;



When Romulus or Cato made  
 The laws, 'twas not our way ;  
 Long beards and plainness were the rule  
 With people of that antique school.

Then private means were small ; but great  
 The State's. No subject planned  
 A measured space before his gate  
 For private porch to stand ;  
 Or raised a handsome colonnade,  
 To catch the cool north wind and shade.

Even the humble wayside sods  
 Were not to spurn or waste ;  
 The towns and temples of the Gods  
 At public charge were graced,—  
 Such buildings, such as these alone,  
 Were beautified with quarried stone.

## XVI.

*Otium divos.*

“Grant rest,” the Aegean sailor cries  
 To Heav'n, far out at sea, when skies  
 All black with cloud deceive his eyes,  
 And moon and stars withhold.

“Grant rest,” prays Thrace, so fierce in fight,  
And Medes with gorgeous quiver dight ;  
But, Grosphus, rest, not purple bright  
Nor gems can buy, nor gold.

For wealth removes not from the heart,  
Nor consul’s lictor bids depart  
Its vexing woes, nor cares that dart  
Round fretted vaults in flight.

The man lives well, though scant his hoard,  
Whose father’s salt-dish decks his board,  
Whose light meals slumbers light afford  
Unvexed by lust or fright.

Brief man, why venture aim on aim ?  
Seek climes with other suns aflame ?  
Though a new land the exile claim,  
From self is refuge there ?

Care climbs the brazen galley’s side ;  
From carking care can troopers ride ?  
Cloud-driving blasts, and stags, when spied,  
Are swift, but swifter care.

Glad hearts should not forestall their woe,  
But laugh at bitterness, and so  
Relieve their sorrows ; nought below  
Is happy all in all.

Fam'd was Achilles, short his day ;  
Age to Tithonus brought decay ;  
And what Time has denied you may  
Perchance to my lot fall.

Sheep bleat, Sicilian heifers low  
By hundreds, yours ; mares neigh that go  
In harness, yours : your fleeces show,  
Twice-dipp'd, the Afric stain.

True to herself, Fate gave as mine  
Few acres, but has breathed a fine  
Strain of the songful Grecian Nine,  
For carping crowd disdain.

## XVII.

*Cur me querelis.*

Why kill me thus, Maecenas, with thy moan,  
As if about to die,  
When neither Heaven nor I  
Could wish *thee* gone before, *me* left alone,  
Grand glory of my life, supporting corner-stone?

If I of half my soul must be bereft  
By some untimely blow,  
Why should *I* fail to go,

The half least dear, and there be only left  
A broken fragment of one heart in two thus cleft?

One day will bring the downfall of us both.  
    We go, ah yes, we go,  
    Two partners in one woe ;  
For I have sworn, and will not break the oath,  
To follow thee on that last journey, nothing loth.

Not the Chimaera, with her breath of flame ;  
    Nor, if alive he stands,  
    Gyas with hundred hands,  
Shall tear me from thee. Take this in the name  
Of Justice who is mighty ; Fate has willed the same.

Did Libra, or did Scorpio, dreadful star,  
    Shed on my natal hour  
    Its all too baneful power ?  
Or was it Capricornus, who, afar,  
Reigns over western regions where great waters are ?

In ways incredible our stars agree ;  
    Staying Fate's wings, Jove's star  
    To shield thee shone, and far  
Snatched thee from impious Saturn, when in glee  
Crowds made the theatre resound with plaudits three.

Me too a falling tree had snatched away,  
 But Faunus broke its fall,  
 To men Mercurial  
 A guardian God. Thy victims haste to pay,  
 Thy votive fane to build. A humble lamb *I* slay.

## XVIII.

*Non ebur.*

No ivory in my dwelling shines,  
 No golden ceiling overhead ;  
 No slabs from rich Hymettian mines  
 An ample space of marble spread :  
 No columns to support them rise,  
 Of stone far Africa supplies.

I did not find myself the heir  
 Of Attalus, nor claim as mine  
 His palace ; nor do clients fair  
 In honourable toil combine  
 To spin for Horace, as for you,  
 Laconian wools of purple hue.

But honour, and a kindly vein  
 Of genial wit, from rancour free,  
 Bring rich men to my dwelling, fain  
 To court me in my poverty ;

Nor do I ask the Gods for more,  
Nor my rich friends by begging bore.

My Sabine farm, though only one,  
Gives all the happiness I need ;  
Day treads on day ; when one is done  
Another hastens to succeed ;  
New moons go climbing up the sky,  
Only, like all the rest, to die.

But you, though death is close at hand,  
Contract for marbles to be hewn,  
Forgetful that, just where you stand,  
A grave for you will open soon,  
And try to lengthen out the shore  
At Baiae, where the billows roar.

For now but passing rich you think  
Yourself, although of all the land  
The master, to the water's brink ;  
You let no neighbour landmark stand,  
But move it, and your clients' bound  
Leap over, greedy still for ground.

And so come wending from their farms,  
In sad procession, two and two,  
Their squalid children in their arms,  
Husband and wife, expelled by you ;

The very Gods they bring away,  
To which their fathers used to pray.

And yet what surer palace waits  
The wealthy heir of all this pelf,  
Than that within the gaping gates  
Of Orcus, greedy as himself;  
That is his limit, drawn by fate,  
And he must reach it soon or late.

Why aim at more? Th' impartial earth  
Will open to receive us all,  
The poor and boys of royal birth;  
The attendant guard at Pluto's hall,  
Though bribed with gold, would not convey  
Cunning Prometheus back to day.

'Tis Orcus Tantalus restrains  
And that proud hero's race will keep:  
'Tis he who, when the beggar's pains  
And toils are over, bids him sleep:  
The poor man prays. He hears him. Nay!  
He hears him though he does not pray.

## XIX.

*Bacchum in remotis.*

On rocks remote I've Bacchus seen,—  
Believe it after times!—  
Dictating songs to Nymphs, all keen  
To learn the master's rhymes:  
Goat-footed Satyrs, too, were near,  
Each with his ears pricked up to hear.

Evoe! my heart with new unrest  
Beats fast, as in affright;  
And, full of Bacchus' self, my breast  
Is thrill'd with wild delight:  
Evoe! O spare me Liber, spare!  
Who dost the dreaded Thyrsus bear!

Now I may sing—thou giv'st the right—  
Bold Thyiad crew my theme,  
The fount of wine, the river white  
With milk, a wealthy stream:  
Or I may tell of honey-bees,  
And trickling combs in hollow trees.

Or how thine own blest spouse her crown  
'Mid stars has set to glow;



Or how the house of Pentheus down  
Fell with one headlong blow ;  
Or of Lycurgus I may sing,  
And his ill fate, mad Thracian king.

Thy power can bend the river's flow,  
And curb barbarian seas :  
To distant mountains thou wilt go,  
When the Bistonides  
Hold revel, there, when moist with wine,  
With harmless snakes their locks to twine.

And when thy father's realms on high  
By impious bands were scaled  
Of giants, mad to climb the sky,  
They at thy presence quailed :  
Then Rhoetus feared the lion's claws,  
And shunn'd the terror of his jaws.

Yet fitter far than war for thee  
Seemed jest and game and dance,  
Nor was it thought that thou would'st be  
At home where weapons glance ;  
Yet whether peace it were or strife,  
Thou wert its centre and its life.

When Cerberus saw thy forehead shine,  
The golden horn he knew,

And gently wagg'd his tail—a sign  
Of peace and homage true :  
With triple tongue, on thy retreat,  
The monster lick'd thy legs and feet.

## XX.

*Non usitata.*

It is no common wing nor slight,  
That through the lucid air,  
The twy-formed bard, in willing flight,  
From earth aloft shall bear  
Quite out of reach of envy, when  
He leaves below the towns of men.

Never, though poor my birth, shall I,  
Whom you have called your friend,  
Like other men, Maecenas, die ;  
Like other mortals end ;  
Could I, who found Maecenas kind,  
In Stygian waters be confined ?

Now, now, upon my legs I feel  
Clinging rough folds of skin,  
I grow a swan from head to heel,  
For downy plumes begin,

All white, upon my breast to show,  
Wings on my hands and shoulders grow.

And now, but on more famous<sup>1</sup> wing,  
Like Icarus I soar,  
And soon as bird shall fly and sing  
Where Euxine waters roar;  
Shall pass Gaetolian Syrtes by,  
And Hyperborean plains descry.

The Colchian soon my verse shall prize,  
The Dacian, who would fain  
His dread of Maesian troop disguise;  
While scholars ripe of Spain,  
And far Gelonians, me shall know,  
And they for whom Rhone's waters flow.

You cannot bury me; then stay  
Dirges and dismal cries;  
Put all unsightly grief away;  
Silence your elegies;  
Oh spare the mockery of a grave,  
And vain sepulchral honours waive!

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<sup>1</sup> Reading "notior."

BOOK III.

I.

*Odi profanum vulgus.*

The unhallowed crowd, the vulgar throng,  
I hate and warn away :  
Silence ! and list a strain of song  
Ne'er heard before to-day,  
Which I, the Muses' priest, will chant  
To boys and girls : all else, avaunt !

As flocks their shepherds, men their kings,  
Since they must fear, obey :  
Jove's nod those very monarchs brings  
Under his world-wide sway,  
Jove, who the giants overcame,  
And won, by victory, lasting fame.

One man excels by planting—say—  
More acres with the vine ;

This to the Campus takes his way,  
Proud of a longer line  
Of ancestors of noble birth,  
While this trusts only to his worth.

This one his client mob to swell  
Aspires; but, after all,  
'Tis Fate's imperial law will tell  
Which man will rise or fall:  
And then, for each of us in turn,  
A name leaps from the ample urn.

The tyrant, if a naked sword  
Hangs o'er his impious neck,  
Will get no pleasure from the board  
Sicilian dainties deck:  
Elaborate cookery will not please,  
Nor birds, nor music, charm back ease.

The kindly sleep of country folk  
To lowly roofs will deign:  
And shady river banks invoke  
Its presence, not in vain;  
It visits Tempe, where the West  
Sends winds to lull to dreamless rest.

The man who asks enough for need,  
And does not ask for more,

Will rest, unvexed by anxious heed,  
When stormy oceans roar,  
Nor for the pelting tempests care  
Of rising Kid or setting Bear :

Nor though his vines are crushed by hail ;  
His farm, that promised well,  
Deceives him ; nor though harvests fail,  
And trees some grievance tell  
Of flooded fields or scorching heat,  
Or cruel winter storms that beat.

The fishes have no room to swim :  
Our piers obstruct the main :  
Here a contractor brings with him  
A large and busy train :  
They pile huge stones upon the ground :  
The owner comes to look around.

How proud he is ! but where he goes  
Go threats ; and Fear attends :  
He mounts his galley,—three its rows  
Brass-bound—and Care ascends,  
Nor leaves him : then he rides, to find  
Black Care on saddle close behind.

Well ! if the mind with grief opprest  
Lacks charm in Phrygian stone :

If those in starlike purples drest,  
Or brighter, still must groan :  
If Achaemenian unguents shine  
In vain : if vain, Falernian wine :

Why should I build a portico  
To dazzle passers-by?  
Why, the new style of art to show,  
Erect a mansion high?  
Why should I change my Sabine vale  
For riches which new cares entail?

## II.

*Angustam amice.*

To grow robust, your boy must learn.  
My friend, to bear a life  
Of pinching poverty, the stern,  
Sharp discipline of strife,  
That Parthians, though so fierce, may fear  
The knight, a terror with his spear.

An out-door life, 'mid war's alarms :  
Give this, and by and by  
Some royal maid, of ripened charms,  
Will have deep cause to sigh,

Or matron, from beleaguered towers,  
Watching her lord's ill-handled powers,

And dreading lest, amid the fight  
Upon the plain below,  
The king by rash assault excite  
That lion 'midst the foe ;  
Through heaps of slain, all blood and wrath,  
He rages,—death to cross his path !

How fair for fatherland, and sweet,  
Is death ! but all must die ;  
Death follows, and with footsteps fleet,  
E'en cowards when they fly ;  
Death has no pity for the young,  
Though limbs are weak and nerves unstrung.

But virtue knows no base defeat ;  
Her honours stainless shine ;  
The axe she wields, and can, when meet,  
Assume it or resign,  
But cares no fickle crowd to please,  
Nor veers round with the veering breeze.

Virtue, to those who guiltless die,  
Shows heaven with open door ;  
Obstruct her path, and she will try  
To force her way the more ;



Coarse haunts she loathes, and with a bound  
She soars above the reeking ground.

For silence, too, so true and close,  
Sure guerdon waits; and I  
Make solemn warning: "Let not those  
Who Ceres' mystery  
Divulge, attempt to share with me  
A home, or with me put to sea."

For Jove, if cheated of his dues,  
The holy and the vile  
Will treat alike; his doom pursues  
The sinner; though, awhile  
Her lameness make the Fury slow,  
Rarely she lets her victim go.

## III.

*Justum et tenacem.*

The righteous man, and resolute  
Of purpose, dreads no tyrant's glance,  
Nor menace in his countenance;  
Nor can the rabble, though they hoot  
All hot for mischief, with their cry  
Shake from his rock-like constancy,

Nor stormy Auster, whose control  
The restless waves of Hadria own ;  
Nor Jove's strong hand, from which are thrown  
His lightnings when his thunders roll ;  
The world may into fragments break  
About his head, he will not quake.

This temper gave to Pollux might,  
And Hercules in his long quest ;  
By this each hero upward pressed,  
And touched at length the fiery height ;  
With them Augustus, shining, sips  
The nectar with empurpled lips.

Thy tigers, Father Bacchus, saw  
This worth in thee, which proved a spell  
That could those untamed beasts compel  
The yoke to bear, the car to draw ;  
By this Quirinus—Mavors' team  
Conveyed him—fled the woeful stream.

For Juno spake, and speaking, spread  
High pleasure through the Gods' debate :  
“On Ilium, yes, on Ilium, fate,  
Through Paris, who, unchaste, had wed  
A foreign dame, has fallen at last ;  
Her glory in the dust is cast.

- “ Doomed was the city from the hour  
    In which Laomedon, untrue,  
    The Gods defrauded of their due,  
Doomed, and surrendered to my power,  
And chaste Minerva’s, chief and folk  
Who all the laws of honour broke.
- “ No longer does his beauty please  
    The fair Laconian girl, whose vows  
    Were broken to her lawful spouse,  
For this base guest from over seas;  
Falsehood made Priam’s house too weak,  
Though Hector fought, to meet the Greek.
- “ The war I plotted to prolong  
    Now ends in peace, and I at last  
    Can count my heavy wrath as past;  
To Mars, forgiving thus my wrong,  
My hated grandson I restore,  
Him whom the Trojan priestess bore.
- “ And now I yield him right to rise  
    Up to the happy regions bright,  
    And to quaff nectar, as of right,  
With all the natives of the skies;  
And with the Gods a place to hold,  
In their blest ranks to be enrolled.

- “ While between Ilium and Rome  
    Stretches a broad and angry main,  
    These exiles where they will may reign,  
Find where they will a happy home ;  
I care not where they have their joy,  
So that they reign no more in Troy.
- “ If there the herd with trampling hoof  
    Paris’ and Priam’s grave deface,  
    And wild beasts’ young find hiding-place,  
The Capitol with shining roof  
May stand, and Rome’s fierce arms succeed  
In giving laws to conquered Mede.
- “ As far as to the utmost bound  
    Of those wide seas that intervene  
    Europe and Africa between,  
Rome’s name may take its dreaded sound,  
And where the Nile with swelling waves  
O’erflows, and all the country laves.
- “ But let her still despise the gold  
    Now hidden, and with wise design,  
    Deep in the yet unopened mine ;  
And thus deserve the name of bold  
Far more than if her hand should dare  
Heaven’s treasures from their shrines to tear.

“The world’s far end,<sup>1</sup> where’er it be,  
Let Rome not in her progress stay,  
Until on this her hand she lay ;  
Nor from her wish desist to see  
Where fires their revels hold, and dew  
And clouds and rain in retinue.

“Yes, let the Roman fight ! But I  
Ordain this law, and thus foretell ;  
Let him not love old Troy too well ;  
Nor push his patriot piety,  
So far, in winning, as to dare  
The walls of Ilium to repair.

“Her second birth, if Troy again  
Be born, will presage only woe ;  
As once before, her streets will flow  
With blood, be piled with heaps of slain ;  
And I, Jove’s sister and his wife,  
Will head the troops in glorious strife.

“If thrice the brazen wall shall rise,  
And Phoebus thrice his succour lend,  
Thrice shall it come to violent end,  
Demolished by my Greek allies ;  
Thrice shall the wife to slavery borne,  
Her husband and her children mourn.”

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<sup>1</sup> “How rolls the Wairoa at your world’s far end?”—Browning.

But stay, my lyre for mirth was meant,  
And not for songs of fear and ire.  
Whither away, good Muse? Aspire  
No more a Goddess to present,  
Lest notes so thin and weak as thine,  
Take from her accents their Divine.

## IV.

*Descende coelo.*

Come down, O Queen Calliope,  
From heaven, and to the flute  
Sing some sustain'd melody,  
Or to Apollo's lute;  
Choose for thyself the pipe or string,  
The grave or ringing voice, but sing.

Listen! she sings! Or is it dream  
Of "fond illusion"<sup>1</sup> bred?  
I listen, and to wander seem,  
Through hallowed woodlands led,  
By pleasant sound of waters near,  
And gentle breeze that meets my ear.

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<sup>1</sup>I have ventured in borrowing this translation of *amabilis insania* from Wordsworth to follow Professor Conington.

Once—of myself the legend tells—  
On Voltur, tired with play.—  
Nursed was he in Apulia's dells,  
But now had strayed away—  
A boy lay sleeping, and was found  
By doves—so runs the story—crowned.

The leaves were fresh about my hair;  
The folk in wonder prest  
From Acherontia high in air.  
Perched on a hill, like nest:  
From Bantine woods, and where below,  
The crops of rich Forentum grow.

Yes! what a wonder to them all,  
That thus unharmed I lay.  
Where bears abound, and vipers crawl  
So deadly; myrtle spray  
And sacred laurel round my head:  
"A child inspired by God," they said.

Yours, whatsoever place invite,  
Yours, Muses, I shall be,  
On Tibur's slope, on Sabine height.  
By Baiae's limpid sea,  
Or at Praeneste, if from heat  
I there may find a cool retreat.

Dear to your founts and choirs am I ;  
They formed a guard for me ;  
Three risks I ran, but did not die :  
Philippi's rout ; curs'd tree ;  
And shipwreck in Sicilian wave,  
Where Palinurus found his grave.

Go you with me, and blithe and bold  
I roam o'er sea and land ;  
The raging Bosphorus behold,  
Or pace the burning sand ;  
For Euxine waves, Assyrian shore,  
The Muses' friend may all explore.

Britain, where guests fierce welcome meet,  
I'll see ; to Spain will fare,  
Where Concan finds mares' blood so sweet,  
Or where Gelonians wear  
The dreaded quiver ; and will go  
Unharm'd where Don's broad waters flow.

You give the high prince Caesar rest  
When to the towns he sends  
His wearied troops, and he, in quest  
Of peace from toil, unbends ;  
To your Pierian cave you hie,  
To witch him with sweet minstrelsy.



Kind, you give gentle counsel ; kind,  
You in your gift delight,—  
From gentle counsel gentle mind!—  
We know, we men, the might  
Of Jove whose lightnings overthrew  
The impious Titans' monster crew.

For windy sea and ponderous earth,  
Cities, and realms of woe,  
The Gods above, of human birth  
The busy throngs below,  
One sovereign Lord they all obey,  
Contented with his righteous sway.

But what a crew was that ! [there went  
E'en to Jove's heart a fright]:  
Young giants, strong and confident,  
With arms just made for fight ;  
Those brothers too, who strove to heap  
Pelion on dark Olympus' steep !

But what could huge Typhoeus do?  
Strong Mimas, daring one?  
Enceladus, who wrenched and threw  
Tree trunks? Porphyryion,  
Whose every gesture was a threat?  
Or Rhoetus, when the Gods they met?

How could e'en these the ringing shield  
Of awful Pallas dare?  
And Vulcan greedy for the field,  
And Juno's queenly air;  
And Phoebus? never will the foe  
See those strong arms without their bow.

Phoebus, who bathes his flowing hair  
In pure Castalian dew,  
Who to his native woods will fare,  
Roam Lycian copses through,  
Apollo of the double name,  
Whom Patara and Delos claim.

Brute force, unless good counsel guide,  
Meets failure from excess;  
But force, with wisdom by its side,  
E'en Gods delight to bless,  
The Gods, who visit with their hate  
Tyrants who crime originate.

As witness of my maxim take  
Gyas with hundred hands;  
And he who onslaught dared to make  
On Dian; there he stands  
Proof that the maiden knew no stain,  
Orion, by her arrow slain.

Their mother earth renews the groan  
    Wrung by the cruel fate,  
Which on the monstrous brood, her own.  
    Cast her precipitate,  
And mourns that by the bolt of heaven,  
To lurid Orcus they were driven.

The swift fires gnaw in vain which burn  
    'Neath Aetna all the time;  
From 'Tityos' liver will not turn  
    The bird placed ward o'er crime;  
Three hundred chains for ever must  
Pirithous bind, and curb his lust.

## V.

*Coelo tonantem.*

That Jove is king in heaven we know;  
    He thunders: we believe;  
And now a God to dwell below,  
    Among us we receive,  
Augustus, once he tames in fight  
The British and the Persian might.

What! Crassus' soldier, could he take  
    A wife of barbarous race?

Wear armour<sup>1</sup> for a foeman's sake?  
Grow old amidst disgrace?  
Shame on our Senate's lapse! oh where  
Is gone the Roman character?

Apulian! Marsian! these confess  
A Mede as king? forget  
Rome's sacred shield, her name, her dress,  
And Vesta burning yet?  
With Rome unharmed, and in the sky,  
Unharmed, Jove's sovereign majesty?

All this wise Regulus foresaw,  
And spurn'd the foul disgrace  
Of shameful terms, about to draw  
Destruction on the race,  
And in all coming time on Rome,  
Should pity bring the captives home.

"I saw in Carthage," so he cried,  
"Standards and arms of Rome  
On fanes displayed: no Roman died  
To save or fetch them home:  
Ay, I saw men, still free, alack!  
With hands fast bound behind the back.

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<sup>1</sup> Reading "armis."

“ I saw the gates wide open stand,  
I saw the wasted field,—  
Our work,—now tilled by hostile hand  
A hostile crop to yield;  
And men who would not this prevent,  
Would come back braver than they went

“ Ransomed with gold! O foolish thought!  
You add but loss to shame:  
Can vanished colours back be brought?  
Look wools once dyed the same  
Their hues all faded? Will, when men  
Decline, true virtue rise again?

“ Do hinds fight when you break their snare?  
Then these poor cozened men,  
To meet their treacherous foe might dare  
In open fight again:  
Dastards! who meanly let men tie  
Their hands, and only feared to die.

“ How man must fight to save his life  
The coward knew not; tried  
To patch a peace upon the strife;  
Our shame! for Carthage's pride!  
O Carthage, thus exalted high  
By the disgrace of Italy!”

He spoke, then as all right in life  
Were lost, he sent, they say,  
His children and his faithful wife,  
Without one kiss, away,  
Turned sternly from their last embrace,  
And glued to earth his manly face,

Nor stirred, till from his constant tone  
The Senate constant grew,  
Listened to counsel all his own,  
From him fresh courage drew,  
Then from his weeping friends he went,  
A noble soul, to banishment.

Ay! hastened, though he knows that there  
The barbarous foes provide  
Appalling torture; he will bear!  
And so he thrusts aside  
The citizens who bid him stay,  
And kinsmen who would fain delay,

And goes with no less unconcern  
Than, suit decided fair,  
He might from tedious business turn,  
And clients, to repair  
To sweet Venafrum's fields, or see  
Sparta's Tarentine colony.

## VI.

*Delicta majorum.*

Though guiltless, Roman, you must pay  
The forfeit of your fathers' guilt,  
Till shrines now falling to decay,  
In seemly sort shall be rebuilt;  
And the Gods' statues, blackened o'er  
With dust and smoke, shall shine once more.

You rule the world, because you own  
The Gods are rulers over you;  
All issues spring from them alone;  
To them confess all issues due!  
Woes, for neglect of God on high,  
Are piled on sorrowing Italy.

For twice Monaeses, and the band  
Of Pacorus, our onset met;  
Unblest, our troops could make no stand;  
They crushed us, proud the spoil to get,  
Ay, smiled to add to what before,  
But paltry necklaces, they wore.

How nearly Rome beheld her walls  
Laid prostrate by a foreign might!

For occupied with factious brawls,  
She could not face her foes in fight—  
The Aethiop seaman's dreaded name,  
The Dacian with his deadly aim.

Those ages that engendered vice,  
Times so prolific in disgrace,  
Polluted first the marriage ties,  
And then the home, and then the race ;  
And from this fountain death and woe  
Upon the land and people flow.

Not from such stock as this they grew,  
Who dyed with Punic blood the main,  
The youths who Pyrrhus overthrew,  
By whom Antiochus was slain ;  
And Hannibal, our country's dread  
And scourge, was sent to join the dead.

Their sires were country-bred, but knew  
The sword, as well as plough, to wield,  
And they in manly vigour grew ;  
With Sabine hoe they tilled the field,  
Or brought the firewood to the hall,  
Prompt at the rigorous mother's call.

And yet by now the sun's decline,  
That makes the mountain shadows grow,



Announced at hand the hour benign  
That lets the wearied oxen go,  
Free from the yoke, to welcome rest,  
While still his chariot travelled west.

What can escape Time's cank'ring curse?  
Each age comes fraught with new decay;  
Our sons were than our grandsires worse,  
And we, their sons, are worse than they;  
Our sons in turn, it is their fate,  
Will prove still more degenerate.

## VII.

*Quid fles, Asterie?*

Why all these tears, Asterie,  
For Gyges? Early Spring,  
With zephyrs blowing fair for thee,  
Will Gyges homeward bring  
Rich with Bithynian wares, a youth  
Whose heart is constancy and truth.

To Oricum, the gales that blow  
From out the southern skies,  
After the Goatstars' frenzied glow,  
Have driv'n him: there he lies

All these long winter nights, there keeps  
Awake to think of thee, and weeps.

And thither from his hostess came  
A post with anxious tale,  
How for thy lover all aflame  
Is Chloe : to prevail,  
He pleads the wretched woman's sighs ;  
A thousand cunning tricks he tries.

He tells how by his lying wife  
Proetus was hurried on,  
Believing her, to seek the life  
Of chaste Bellerophon ;  
Too chaste, he hints, the crafty knave !  
False charges dug that early grave.

He tells how nearly Peleus went  
Below, because he fled  
Hippolyta, and continent  
Withstood her ; men are led  
To sin by stories like to these,  
Seductive, guileful histories.

In vain ! Thy Gyges cares no more  
For all the knave can urge  
Than rocks on the Icarian shore,  
All deaf to sounding surge ;

But thou! Enipeus pleads; he's near;  
Take care he does not grow too dear!

Take care! so deftly can he ride,  
His match is nowhere seen;  
No hand like his a steed can guide  
Across the Martial green;  
No one the wave so lightly skims,  
And down the Tuscan channel swims.

Shut up the house when daylight falls;  
If fives squeal<sup>1</sup> in the streets  
Do not look down, and though he calls  
You cruel, and repeats  
His scolding often, let him find  
His words quite true; remain unkind.

## VIII.

*Martiis caelebs.*

You wonder I, a bachelor,  
These flowers, this box of incense, bear,  
Why coal on live-turf altar there,  
This first of March I lay,

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<sup>1</sup>“And when you hear the drum  
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife.”  
*Merchant of Venice* (Cambridge Text.)

You Greek and Latin Scholar ! I,  
When the tree fell, was like to die,  
And vowed a white goat to supply  
    For Liber's feast to-day.

As every year the day I keep,  
A cork shall from its wine-jar leap,  
Sealed and laid by in smoke to steep,  
    In Tullus' consulate.

Then quaff, Maecenas, since your friend  
Is safe, a hundred cups, nor end  
Till day put out your lamps, nor blend  
    With feasting noise and hate.

Let all state cares and business go ;  
The band of Dacian Cotiso  
Is slain ; the Mede, to self a foe,  
    In civil strife contends ;

Our old Cantabrian foe in Spain  
Accepts, though late, the Roman chain ;  
The Scyth no more will scour the plain,  
    His bow he now unbends.

A private citizen may see  
A public grief, and let it be ;  
Then leave all care, and take with glee  
    The gifts the present sends.

## IX.

*Donec gratus eram.*

“As long as I was dear to thee,  
And no more favoured youth had right,  
Around that neck of snowy white,  
A pair of lover’s arms to fling,  
I throve, and my felicity  
Was more than that of Persian king.”

“As long as for no maid but me  
Thou wert consumed with inward flame,  
And did’st not let thy Lydia’s name  
By that of Chloe be displaced,  
I throve, and Lydia’s dignity  
Was more than Roman Ilia graced.”

“Chloe of Thrace is now my fair,  
Who on the lyre so deftly plays,  
So sweetly sings her roundelays,  
For whom to die I would not dread,  
If the three Sisters would but spare  
The girl to live when I am dead.”

“Calais now, of Thurium, heir  
To Ornytus, has lit a torch  
Of love, himself and me to scorch ;

For him I'd twice to death be led,  
If the three Sisters would but spare  
The boy to live when I am dead."

"What if the old love should return,  
And those who have been torn apart  
Be re-united heart to heart,  
In yoke as strong as brass, once more?  
And golden Chloe I should spurn,  
To jilted Lydia ope the door."

"Why then, although no star can burn  
So bright as he in heaven above;  
Though lighter than a cork thy love,  
Thy temper worse than raging sea,  
To thee my love would all return;  
With thee I'd live, I'd die with thee."

## X.

*Extremum Tanain.*

If, Lyce, distant Don supplied  
The water that you drink;  
Though there with savage mate allied,  
You still would weep, to think  
That stretched before your doors unkind,  
I shivered in your northern wind.

You hear yourself the creaking door,  
    You hear the grove of trees,  
Amid fair buildings planted, roar  
    And bellow with the breeze;  
You see beneath Jove's open skies  
The very snow freeze as it lies.

Renounce this pride by love abhorred,  
    Or you may find it true,  
That, as the wheel runs back, the cord  
    Runs with it, backward too;  
Your Tuscan father, in his brood,  
Got no Penelope or prude.

And oh, though gifts nor prayers prevail  
    On you, nor lovers' vows,  
Who sue with cheeks as violets pale;  
    Though careless that your spouse  
Confesses how his heart is won  
By a false girl from Macedon;

Though harder than an oak to bend,  
    Unkind as Moorish snake,  
Yet to a suppliant's prayer attend,  
    And some slight pity take;  
These sides of mine can bear no more  
This cruel drenching at your door.

## XI.

*Mercuri, nam te.*

O great Song-master Mercury!—  
 For apt Amphion learnt of Thee  
 To move e'en stones by minstrelsy!—  
     And thou, O seven-stringed shell,

Once mute, nor loved! now welcome where  
 Rich men for feasting meet or prayer,  
 For Lyde's stubborn ears prepare  
     A song, a moving spell!

Like filly scampering o'er the plain,  
 A three-year-old, so she the rein  
 Resents, and suitors all in vain  
     Woo one too young to wed.

But thou canst tigers, ay! and woods  
 Woo to thy side, and rapid floods  
 Canst stay; and,—spite of all the broods  
     Of snakes that guard his head,

And that foul foaming mouth, whence three  
 Fierce tongues protrude,—the monster, he  
 That guards hell's gate, was charmed by thee  
     To yield, nor offer harm.



Yes, and Ixion, spite of pain,  
And Tityos too, to smile was fain,  
The Danaids let their urn remain  
    Unfilled, song has such charm!

Tell Lyde of them, of the vase  
In which the water never stays  
But runs away; how doom delays,  
    But follows soon or late

The guilty e'en to hell. O call  
Them impious, impious were they all,  
To stab their husbands, watch them fall;  
    Was ever crime so great?

But one, of wedlock worthy, one  
A maiden famed while time shall run,  
Her perjured parent did not shun  
    To cheat: O splendid lie!

“Rise,” to her youthful mate she cries,  
“Or too long sleep will close those eyes,  
A gift from unknown enemies;  
    O from my father fly,

“And sisters! lionesses they!  
Alas! each one now tears her prey;  
But I am gentler. Could I slay  
    My mate or chain him, I!

“ My sire, because I pity showed,  
I care not, may with fetters load,  
Or ship me off to far abode,  
    In fields Numidians sow ;

“ Go you where foot or breeze shall bear,  
While night and love lend omen fair,  
And on my tomb, in grateful care,  
    Engrave my tale of woe.”

## XII.

*Miserarum est neque.*

Hapless maidens ! love they may,  
But dare not let their love have play,  
Nor in sweet wine their care allay,  
Lest when an uncle's tongue they hear,  
Like beaten things they die of fear.  
O Neobule, your employ  
Is gone, for Venus' winged boy  
Has robbed you. First your basket went,  
And then your web ; and you content  
Sit idle, and no longer ply  
Minerva's busy industry.  
'Tis Hebrus who must bear the blame.  
Bright boy ! from Lipara he came ;

And scarcely had he time to lave  
 His shining limbs in Tiber's wave,  
 You saw him, and the harm was done.  
 For better than Bellerophon  
 He rides; and with his hands and feet,  
 If he contends, 'tis still to beat.  
 In hunting 'tis the same; across  
 The open plain he's ne'er at loss.  
 The stag once started, with an aim  
 That never fails, he marks his game.  
 Or if the boar has found a lair  
 In some close thicket, quick he's there,  
 Nor can the wood, however deep,  
 His quarry from this huntsman keep.

## XIII.

*O fons Bandusiae.*

O fountain of Bandusia, spring  
 Than brightest crystal still more bright,  
 Sweet wine were thy due offering,  
 A goblet crowned with flowers thy right.

To-morrow I a kid present,  
 A ram, whose horns just budding, show  
 He is for love and battle meant,  
 Should the young creature live and grow.

Vain is the youthful promise, vain ;  
 For thy cool stream must crimson run,  
 His blood thy limpid wave must stain :  
 His sport among the herd is done.

The dog-days' sun, at fiercest noon,  
 Can reach thee with no scorching heat ;  
 Cool fount, to wearied ox a boon,  
 To wand'ring sheep a sweet retreat.

'Mid founts of fame thy fame shall be  
 A fame secure, since now I sing,  
 I sing the rocks and ilex tree,  
 From which thy babbling freshets spring.

## XIV.

*Herculis ritu.*

“Like Hercules, he went away,”  
 Rome lately cried, “the martyr's bay  
 To buy, but victor home to-day  
 Great Caesar comes from Spain.”

Go meet thy lord, glad wife and true,  
 And with our general's sister do  
 The sacred office ; matrons you,  
 With suppliant wreaths, in train,

Give thanks for children safe from strife ;  
Boys, girls, all new to wedded life,  
Let no ill-omened words be rife,  
    When you the chief attend.

This feast will chase dark care from me ;  
While Caesar holds the world in fee,  
I dread no rabble mob to see,  
    I fear no violent end.

Fetch crowns and unguents, boy, and ask  
If from the Marsian war a cask  
Was left, or at the least a flask,  
    By roving Spartacus.

And bid clear-voiced Neæra bind  
Her scented hair in haste, and mind  
You run away, if that unkind  
    Old porter makes a fuss.

We gentler grow as hair grows grey,  
Young blood is hot and keen for fray,  
Were it in Consul Plancus' day  
    I had not borne it thus.

## XV.

*Uxor pauperis Ibyci.*

You, wife of needy Ibycus,  
Should give these ways so naughty o'er,  
They only make you infamous,  
As death draws nearer to your door.

Then leave the maidens to their play,  
Nor fleck their starlight with your cloud;  
What Pholoë your daughter may,  
You cannot, Chloris, be allowed.

Storming at young men's doors, to wit,  
Like Thyad mad at timbrel's sound,  
Or, by the love of Nothus smit,  
Like some young wanton kid to bound.

Put harp and glossy rose aside,  
Nor to its wine dregs drain the jar;  
Keep to your wools, Luceria's pride,  
They suit you, beldame that you are.

## XVI.

*Inclusam Danaën.*

Caged Danaë! her tower of brass,  
The sturdy doors, the surly bark  
Of dogs that watch throughout the dark,  
And let no midnight lover pass;  
These might have kept her safe from all  
Acrisius dreaded would befall.

But Jove and Venus laughed to see  
His bolts and bars; full well the pair  
Knew how to reach the hidden fair,  
And how to open passage free;  
'Twas but for Jove—gods have the power—  
To change into a golden shower.

Gold makes its way where'er it likes;  
Through all your posted guards it goes,  
Stronger than thunderbolts its blows;  
The rocks burst open where it strikes;  
The Argive who the future told  
Was lost, and all his house, through gold.

By bribes the man of Macedon  
The gates of cities opened wide;  
By gold, perfidiously applied,

Their power from rival kings he won ;  
Bribe high enough, no money spare,  
Rough naval captains you may snare.

Care follows riches when they grow,  
And appetite for more. Shall I  
Do wrong to shrink from lifting high  
A crest that might become the show  
Of crowds that hail you with delight,  
Their order's crown, Maecenas, knight !

The more a man himself deny,  
The more the Gods will give. For me,  
Stripped of all superfluity,  
I to Contentment camp will hie,  
Deserting now the rich man's side,  
For scorn of money is my pride.

Not pride alone, but splendid gain ;  
By scorn of wealth made lord of more,  
Than if upon my granary floor  
I hoarded all Apulia's plain  
Can yield to the industrious boor,  
And 'mid great riches still were poor.

I ask not much : a limpid stream,  
A wood some acres broad, a field  
That promises a crop to yield



And will not cheat ; with these I seem,  
Howe'er he in delusion rest,  
Than Afric's glittering lord more blest.

Calabria's bees no honey make  
For me, nor Laestrygonian vase  
Mellows my wine ; from flocks that graze  
In Gaul I never fleeces take ;  
What, then ? there's something in my store ;  
No urgent need knocks at my door.

Did I need more, you'd not refuse  
To give me all I might require ;  
I find, by narrowing my desire,  
I stretch my little revenues,  
More than by joining Mygdon's plain  
To Alyattes' wide domain.

For greed and need together go.  
Ask many things, you many want.  
He only his estate may vaunt  
As blest, when God has ordered so,  
That from His frugal hand proceeds  
Enough to meet all daily needs.

## XVII.

*Aeli vetusto.*

Aelius! from a stock of worth  
You get your ancient name ;  
The earliest Lamias trace their birth  
To Lamus, whence there came  
All other Lamias that we see  
Recorded in the pedigree.

Or so they tell ; you past a doubt  
Are of that founder's race  
Who first, 'tis said, as prince, about  
Wall'd Formiae, o'er a space  
As wide as to the Liris, swayed,  
Whose waves Marica's shores invade.

To-morrow from the East will bring  
A storm our woodlands o'er,  
Strew all the ground with leaves, and fling  
Vile sea-weed on the shore ;  
Unless the crow has croaked in vain,  
That long-lived prophet of the rain.

Fetch in dry wood then while 'tis fine ;  
To-morrow, you may take

Your ease and soothe your heart with wine,  
With genial wine, and make  
A feast—a two-months' pig may slay—  
And all your house keep holiday.

## XVIII.

*Faunc, Nympharum.*

O Faunus, wooing Nymphs that flee,  
Traverse my grounds, this sunny lea,  
Indulgent, and departing be  
To my young herds benign ;  
If yearly a young kid is slain,  
With scents old altars smoke again,  
Nor love's boon comrade ask in vain,  
The bowl, its fill of wine.

Oft as December brings your day,  
On green sward all our cattle play,  
Townsmen to meadows take their way,  
And with their oxen rest ;  
Wolves amid lambs undreaded go,  
Their leaves woods in your pathway throw,  
And on the ground, else hated so,  
The diggers dance with zest.

## XIX.

*Quantum distet ab Inacho.*

What years since Inachus went by  
Till Codrus for his country fell ;—  
This, and the genealogy  
Of Aeacus, you love to tell,  
And of the wars that raged below  
Troy's sacred walls, you make us know.

But what a cask of Chian wine  
Should cost us, or what hand should heat  
The water for us when we dine,  
Or at whose house we are to meet,  
Or when from this Pelignian cold  
I shall be saved, we are not told.

Quick, boy, some wine ! we are to toast  
The midnight, and the moon now new,  
And pledge Muraena, who can boast  
The Augur's insight. Measure true  
Nine cups of water, three of wine,  
Or else reverse as tastes incline.

The lovers of the Nine, the bards  
Who live in raptures, three times three

Of wine will ask ; the Grace awards  
But three of wine, no more, for she  
And her two bare-limbed sisters dread  
The quarrels that of wine are bred.

I love to play the madman. Why  
Does no one blow the Phrygian flute?  
Why does the pipe hang silent by  
The lyre, its comrade, also mute?  
The hand that's niggard I detest.  
Scatter me roses! Play with zest!

What matter if the din we raise  
Rouse Lycus there beside our gate?  
Envious old man! whose failing days  
Are ill-matched with a youthful mate.  
Not ill-matched, Telephus, for you  
Is Rhode, and she comes to woo.

She loves that shining head, with hair  
That in thick clusters downwards streams;  
She thinks it like the star, whose fair  
And radiant light at evening gleams;  
I still love Glycera, nor tire  
Of my one slow-consuming fire.

## XX.

*Non vides, quanto.*

O see you not what risk you run?  
Gaetolian lioness! to try  
To steal her whelps! It won't be done  
Without hard fighting; by-and-by  
His life the ravisher will save  
By flight, and feel in no way brave.

When through the bands of youths that bar  
Her road she goes, to find again  
Handsome Naearchus, O the war!  
Dread war, whose issue must make plain  
Which is to win of rivals two,  
Which gain more booty, she or you.

Meantime while both are ready dight,  
*You* aiming arrows swift to slay,  
*She* whetting teeth so fierce to bite;  
The umpire of the fight, they say,  
Stands with one naked foot displayed,  
And on the prize of victory laid,

And lets refreshing breezes blow  
Upon each shoulder, while his hair,

In scented tresses streaming low,  
Makes him the look of Nireus wear ;  
Or with that other to be matched,  
From "many-fountained Ida" snatched.

## XXI.

*O nata mecum.*

O wine jar, you and I can date  
Our birthday from one year,  
The year of Manlius' consulate,  
And this would make you dear,  
Whatever potency there dwell  
In that old wine you keep so well.

For bring you plaint, or bring you jest,  
Madden to love and fray,  
Or soothe our drowsy sense to rest,  
Dear jar, how glad the day  
That bids us to the table bring  
Your Massic, so long mellowing !

Corvinus calls for you : a man  
Steeped in Socratic lore,  
And yet he does not drinking ban,  
Nor churlish pass you o'er :

E'en antique Cato, as we hear,  
With wine that sterling heart would cheer.

O jar, you have a kindly sting,  
For natures else morose,  
Mirth-making wine away can fling  
The veil, which hides so close  
Those thoughts that till a tongue they find  
Press heavy on the wise man's mind.

Hope you restore to souls in dread ;  
Strength to the weak supply ;  
As 'twere with horns, the poor man's head  
'Gainst wrongs you fortify ;  
No angry monarch's crest he fears  
When he has drunk, nor warriors' spears.

O jar, the nights with you we'll see !  
With Liber ! be she bland  
With Venus ! and the Graces three,  
So loth to loose their band !  
*Our* torches never shall die out,  
Till Phoebus puts the stars to rout.



## XXII.

*Montium custos.*

Guardian of hills and woods, O maid,  
Young wives in labour ask thine aid,  
To three-formed Goddess prayer thrice said  
    Will save from deadly throe ;  
Thine be the pine that rises o'er  
My roof, and every year shall pour  
His offering of blood, a boar  
    Planning the sidelong blow.

## XXIII.

*Caelo supinas.*

If, rustic Phidyle, you turn,  
    As each new moon is born,  
Your open hands to heaven, and burn  
    Sweet incense, offering corn  
New-grown, and well-stuffed porker, prayer  
Will reach the Gods, and win their care.

Your fruitful vines will never know  
    The fierce Scirocco's spite,

Your cornland all its crops will grow,  
Nor mildew fear nor blight ;  
Nor will the sickly Autumn harm  
The tender younglings of your farm.

On snowy Algidus at graze,  
Where ilex grows and oak,  
Or in rich Alban pasture, strays,  
All ready for the stroke,  
Which soon the Pontiff's axe must stain,  
A victim destined to be slain.

Not such your household Gods demand ;  
For them no sheep must die ;  
But where their little statues stand,  
Bring wreaths of rosemary,  
And this with fragile myrtle twine,  
To crown those images divine.

Pure hands upon their altars place,  
You turn their wrath aside  
E'en more than if to win their grace  
A costly victim died ;  
For meal and salt with crackling grain,  
Those pure hands cannot pour in vain.

## XXIV.

*Intactis opulentior.*

Though more than India's wealth you boast,  
Than untouched Arab hoards contain,  
And though your piles the Apulian<sup>1</sup> main  
And Tuscan filled from coast to coast,

Yet, if Necessity, stern power,  
Just as your walls attain their height,  
With nails of adamantine might,  
Should fix her roof upon your tower,

With all your wealth you could not snatch  
Your soul from fear, nor extricate  
Your head from death, which, soon or late,  
Must all things in its meshes catch.

Far rather would I, on his plain,  
With the nomadic Scythian roam,  
Who, wont to wander, takes his home  
Still with him in his wandering wain.

Far better life the Getan shares,  
Who does not call the field his own,  
That for the common good is sown,  
For common good its harvest bears

---

<sup>1</sup> Reading "Tyrrhenum, Apulicam."

For one year, and then claims its rest.  
The labourer, on these terms, remits  
To other hands the task he quits.  
Stepchildren there are not oppressed

By those who hold their mothers' place ;  
Nor does the wife assume the power  
At home, in virtue of her dower,  
Nor trust a false and smiling face ;

For she the best of dowers has brought,  
The virtue of a virtuous race,  
And chastity that shuns disgrace,  
And shrinks from e'en a lawless thought

Of other men ; for there, the wife  
Who breaks her marriage vow, commits  
A sin so heinous, it befits  
She pay the forfeit with her life.

He who proposes as his end  
The course of impious strife to stay,  
And civic madness to allay,  
Thinking his name may thus descend

To be by after-comers read  
Around his statue's base engraved,  
"Father of cities"—if he braved  
Lax licence towering to a head,

His may be this late-rendered fame,  
Grudged him before; for virtue, we,  
When living, envy; when we see  
Her passed away, her worth proclaim.

What good can sad laments attend,  
Unless some retribution keen  
Cut short our crime? For vain, I ween,  
Are laws that cannot morals mend.

If all for greed our merchants face  
The lands that burning heats enclose,  
Or go where, next eternal snows,  
The north wind has his dwelling-place;

If dangers that at sea appal,  
The sailor's craft and skill surmount;  
If all men poverty account  
The greatest shame that can befall;

And rather than endure it, will  
Inflict or suffer any hurt,  
While they the road of right desert  
That mounts the steep and arduous hill;

Then vain indeed our laws! But we,  
We have a duty to the state,  
Ill-gotten wealth to confiscate,  
If genuine our repentance be.

Away then to the Capitol!  
The people shout, the crowd applauds,  
With gold and gems and useless gauds,  
Or let the nearest waters roll

Above the source of all our ill  
And drown it, for the base desire  
Of gain will not itself expire;  
Its roots we must force out and kill.

To natures tender and inclined  
To be unmanly, best apply  
Some firmness and stability,  
By duties of a sterner kind.

Your modern well-born boy is raw,  
And quite unversed in manly ways;  
He dare not ride nor hunt, but plays  
At hoop or dice, against the law.

Nor strange,—his sire can violate  
Each sworn engagement, cheat and lie,  
Break ties of hospitality,  
And all to heap at rapid rate

A pile of wealth for sordid heir!  
The filthy lucre grows, but yet  
He always thinks he more must get,  
Or leave a somewhat maimed affair.

## XXV.

*Quo me, Bacche, rapis?*

I follow, Bacchus, filled with Thee!  
But whither dost thou lead?  
What woods are these to which I flee?  
What caves to which I speed?  
Onward to eager motion pressed  
By this strange passion in my breast?

Where'er these grots, a song shall rise,  
By which the world shall know  
A new star planted in the skies,  
Great Caesar's fame, to grow  
A splendour 'midst the lights above,  
And in the council-hall of Jove.

Yes, I will tell a peerless tale,  
A tale no lips have told;  
For as some frenzied Bacchanal,  
Whose wakeful eyes behold  
Hebrus, and Rhodope, where pace  
But foreign feet, and snowy Thrace.

She raves with wonder and delight,  
So roam I in this mood,

And gloat o'er every country sight,  
Stream, bank, and lonely wood.  
O leader of the Naiad bands!  
Of Bacchæ with their woman hands,

Yet strong the towering ash to rend!  
Song more than man's I dare.  
Ye who the winepress god attend,  
Of feeble strains beware!  
'Tis rash, yet sweet, to watch him twine  
Around his brows the verdant vine.

## XXVI.

*Vixi puellis.*

I lived, and not so long ago,  
For girls, and won renown,  
Love's soldier, apt to meet the foe;  
But now, my weapons down  
I've laid;—sword, spear, and lyre and all,  
Their battles done, must line the wall.

On this left wall, here, hang them here,  
In sea-born Venus' shrine!  
Hang up the torch that burns so clear,  
The crowbars that combine



With bows, whene'er they threaten war  
To doors that lovers' passage bar.

O Goddess, Queen of Cyprus, blest,  
And Memphis free from snow  
Sithonian, hear my last request,  
With lifted whip one blow  
Give Chloe, just one blow; the pain  
May cure her of her proud disdain.

## XXVII.

*Impios parrae.*

Let omens that misfortune bode  
Attend, if I may have my will,  
The impious, when they take the road :  
The screech-owl's cry repeated shrill,  
A pregnant bitch, a fox with young,  
A grey wolf from Lanuvium sprung.

And after starting, as they ride,  
Let signs unlucky still dismay :  
A serpent like an arrow glide,  
From side to side, across the way,  
And make their nags with terror shy ;  
Keen to observe such signs am I.

And so, since one, for whom I fear,  
Must travel, e'er the bird, whose cries  
Predict that heavy rains are near,  
Back to the stagnant marshes flies,  
The raven with prophetic croak  
I from the Eastern skies invoke.

O Galatea, happy be,  
And, where it likes you, make your home,  
But, everywhere, remember me,  
And then good luck will surely come,  
Nor boding pie forbid to go  
Whene'er you start, nor vagrant crow.

But look in what a troubled sky  
Orion sinks to find his rest ;  
There's mischief brewing. Well know I  
What means that white streak in the west,  
Whence blows the wind ; and what portends  
The night on Hadria that descends.

Let foemen's wives and children feel,  
Not you and I, the blind turmoil,  
When all things in the tempest reel,  
And rising Auster makes a coil  
Amid the darkened waves that roar  
And beat upon the trembling shore.

Europa thus her limbs of snow  
Entrusted to the treacherous bull,  
Over the watery waste to go,  
With dread sea-monsters seething full,  
And daring as she was, grew pale  
At what might in the road assail.

But late, intent on meadow flowers,  
And weaving for the Nymphs their due—  
A rosy crown—she passed the hours  
Till night shut all else out from view  
Save stars, and waters glimmering white  
Betwixt the darkness and the light.

But scarcely on the shores of Crete,  
With her twice fifty cities strong,  
Had she, unhappy, set her feet,  
Than into words flamed all her wrong:  
“O Father! dare I name that name?  
O love, which frenzy overcame!

“Whence have I come, and where? To die,  
But once to die, could not atone  
For loss of maiden purity!  
But am I waking? Do I moan  
An actual sin? Or do I dream,  
And, though quite guiltless, guilty seem?”

“Phantoms may cheat us flying through  
The ivory gateway. But, for me,  
Which was the better? to pursue  
My journey o'er the boundless sea?  
Or wander, as in earlier hours,  
And pluck the newly-opened flowers?”

“Would someone, while my wrath is strong,  
Bring me the creature that I hate,  
The steer that wrought me grievous wrong,  
Whom yet I loved so much, so late;  
I'd try what steel and hands could do  
Those horns from off his head to hew.

“Shameless, I left the Gods of home!  
Shameless, I shun the Gods below!  
Ah! if to any God should come  
The words I speak, ‘O let me go’—  
This is the death I crave, ‘and walk  
Unguarded, where the lions stalk.’

“Yes! ere defacing waste should wear  
My frame, and wanness come to stain  
These cheeks, these limbs so passing fair,  
And from the prey its freshness drain;  
Yes, ere my form its beauty lose,  
To feed the tigers I would choose.”

Then, vile Europa, why delay?  
Your absent sire your death demands;  
Hang yourself on this ash, and slay  
Yourself with your own guilty hands;  
Your girdle—for you have it still—  
This last sad office may fulfil.

Or if these pointed rocks below  
Offer a death you would prefer,  
Leap quick! and let the storm-wind blow  
You deathward; else yourself prepare  
To go, blood-royal to degrade,  
As foreign lady's waiting-maid.

And Venus, with her treacherous smile,  
And Cupid, with his bow unbent,  
Mock at her weeping all the while;  
Till sated with their merriment:  
“These words of angry passion spare,  
Till the bull give his horns to tear.

“What, know you not you are the mate  
Of sovereign Jove? No longer sigh,  
But learn to bear your high estate  
With all becoming dignity;  
One half the globe will wear your name,  
One half the globe preserve your fame.”

## XXVIII.

*Festo quid potius die?*

'Tis Neptune's feast-day; what had best be done?

Lyde, the Caecuban I stored so well,  
Go, broach a cask; don't fear to let it run;  
Lay siege to wisdom in her citadel.

You see, the afternoon begins to die;  
And yet, as if the wing'd hours stay'd, you stay,  
And let the bottle, like a laggard, lie  
Where it, when Bibulus was consul, lay.

But here it comes! By turns we two will sing;  
Of Neptune I, and Nereids' sea-green hair;  
You to Latona your curved lyre shall string,  
And Cynthia's darts that swiftly cleave the air.

Then to her fame our last joint song shall rise  
Who Cnidus haunts, and gleaming Cyclades.  
Or with her team of swans to Paphos hies;  
Night, too, with her due sonnets we will praise.

## XXIX.

*Tyrrhena regum.*

O scion of the Tuscan line  
Of kings, Maecenas, I for you

Have kept a cask of mellow wine  
Unbroached, and there are roses, too,  
And oil—that sort that is so rare—  
Distilled expressly for your hair.

All these have waited long; then why  
Make more delay? Shall Tibur still  
With its moist prospect please your eye,  
Or Aefula's corn-covered hill?  
Are you content those heights to view,  
Where Telegon his father slew?

Your sumptuous home must sometimes pall,  
Those buildings to the clouds you pile,  
You must grow weary of them all;  
Then leave them for a little while;  
Leave Rome, its smoke, and wealth, and noise,  
And come to look for other joys.

Rich men are mostly fond of change,  
And oft have smoothed the brow of care  
At poor men's meals, to them so strange,  
And neatly-served but homely fare,  
The couch with no rich purple spread;  
The board, no awnings overhead.

Now does the lately hidden star  
Of Cepheus clearly show his flame

And those two other fires that are  
Wild beasts in madness and in name,  
The Lion and the Dog's Compeer,  
Which tell that days of drought are near.

Now, with his weary flock, the shade  
The weary shepherd seeks, or stream,  
Or wanders listless to the glade  
Of rough Silvanus, there to dream  
Of silent banks where winds should play  
With cooling gusts denied to-day.

Yet you with anxious care must plan  
Some new improvement for the State,  
Or all the city's outlook scan,  
Some danger to anticipate  
From China, Cyrus' realm, or where  
Upon the Don they war prepare.

Heaven's wisdom all the future hides  
Beneath a night all dark with cloud,  
And that poor mortal's wit derides  
Who strives to pass the ken allowed;  
Arrange for, this is in your power,  
With tranquil mind, the present hour.

And all the rest we cannot see  
Flows onward, as the river flows;



Now in mid channel peaceably  
To join the Tuscan sea it goes ;  
Anon it sweeps with torrent force  
All daring to impede its course.

Rocks, that slow-eating waves have worn,  
Houses and cattle, side by side,  
Trees, with their very roots uptorn,  
Go rolling with the rolling tide,  
With noises in the woods and hills,  
When the wild deluge chafes the rills.

“Serene will be his days and bright,”  
Who, master of himself, can say,  
At every fading of the light,  
“To-day I’ve lived, I’ve lived to-day” ;  
Be skies to-morrow overcast  
Or sunny, what is past is past.

Not Jupiter himself can make  
What has been as it had not been,  
Or from the sum of actions take  
The good or ill each day has seen ;  
The hour flies by, and carries all  
That made it rich, beyond recall.

Fortune that loves to vex and spite,  
Bent her capricious game to play,

To shift her favours takes delight,  
Gives as she likes and takes away;  
Now I, the next day you, may find,  
Then someone else, the goddess kind.

I praise her while she's guest of mine,  
And when she spreads swift wings in flight,  
All that she gave I straight resign,  
And wrap me in my sense of right,  
Content, if I can honest be,  
To welcome want and poverty.

When creaks the mast in Afric gale,  
I shall not need to haste to prayers,  
Nor heaven with anxious vows assail,  
To bargain, lest my precious wares  
From Tyre and Cyprus swell the gain  
And measure of the greedy main :

But may, all safe, to some poor boat,  
A two-oared skiff, myself commend,  
And through Aegean surges float,  
With one soft-blowing breeze my friend,  
And those two brother lights that shine,  
Castor and Pollux, twins divine.

## XXX.

*Exegi monumentum.*

'Tis finished, and my work will stay  
When monuments of bronze decay,  
Above the pyramids to tower  
That stand confessing royal power.  
The biting rain, the northern gale,  
Though mad to overthrow, will fail;  
Ages will fly, uncounted time  
Bring all its years, nor harm my rhyme.  
Not all of me will die, nor small  
The part to 'scape the funeral.  
Afresh I every age shall grow,  
By praise which every age will show,  
Nor while mute maid and priest ascend  
The Capitol, shall have an end.  
Where Aufid's raging waters roar,  
And where in rainless lands, of yore,  
Daunus of rustic tribes was king,  
Mankind will name me, for I sing,  
A bard grown great from low degree,  
The first to woo for Italy  
Aeolian song, and make it known,  
When set to measures all her own.

Take thou, Melpomene, the praise  
Of proud success! For me the bays!  
With Delphic bays my hair to twine,  
If such thy grace, O Muse, be mine!

## BOOK IV.

### I.

*Intermissa, Venus, diu.*

What, Venus, trying to renew  
The wars whence I, long since, withdrew?  
Oh spare me, I implore, implore,  
What I was once I am no more,  
Say as in Cinara's kind sway;  
But now, I'm fifty, if a day.  
Desist then, O thou cruel dame,  
Whom the sweet Loves their mother name,  
To try to bend to thy behest,  
So tender, this too stubborn breast.  
But let the young men's prayers prevail,  
And go where they thy presence hail.  
There's Paullus longing thou would'st come  
To hold thy revels in his home,  
There where 'tis fit love's flame to light,  
Thy lustrous swans shall wing thy flight.

Noble is he, of comely mien,  
One whose good breeding may be seen ;  
With voice that ne'er declines to plead  
The cause of those who justice need ;  
A youth too of a hundred arts,  
That cannot fail to capture hearts,  
And far and wide to spread thy sway,  
If once enlisted in thy pay.  
Let him but once in love prevail,  
And laugh to see his rival fail,  
With all his lavish gifts, and Thee,  
Beneath some spreading citron tree,  
In stately marble carved, he'll make  
The Goddess of the Alban Lake.  
There shall the fragrant incense rise  
To Thee in clouds, with harmonies  
Of pipe, and Berecynthian flute,  
And voices blending with the lute.  
Here twice a day, with dance and song,  
Will boys and blooming maids prolong  
Thy praises, and with gleaming feet  
The ground in Salian measure beat.  
But, as for me, I get no joy  
From company of maid or boy,  
Nor dare I cherish hope so fond,  
That hearts to mine will e'er respond.  
No longer crowned with flowers I sit,  
And o'er the winecup try my wit ;

I've done with these, and love, and all.  
But have I? why then does there fall  
Now and again adown my cheek  
A tear-drop? Why, when I could speak  
Just now so well, do I become,  
To my confusion, shy and dumb?  
I hold your image, yes, in dreams  
I hold your image: then, meseems,  
You fly as though you ran a race  
Across the Campus; I in chase  
Pursue you, cruel, till the sea,  
Far-rolling, roll you far from me.

## II.

*Pindarum quisquis.*

Who, Iulus, would with Pindar vie,  
Has learnt of Daedalus to fly  
On waxen wings, and by-and-by  
Will name some glassy sea.

A mountain torrent fed by rain,  
Which frets till banks no more restrain,  
So deep-mouthed Pindar pours amain  
His boundless melody;

In dithyrambic measure bold,  
His free word-coinage forth is rolled,  
A verse by number uncontrolled,  
His Delphic bay to claim ;

Of Gods or kings his song may tell,  
By whose just wrath the Centaurs fell ;  
Gods' sons were they, with power to quell  
The dread Chimaera's flame.

Of horse, or boxer, home with prize  
Elean, lauded to the skies,  
He sings ; a hundred effigies  
Were guerdon poorer far !

Or young bride weeps ;—an elegy  
Exalts her lost one's virtues high,  
His grace, his golden prime—the sky,  
Not hell, awaits a star.

The breeze upbears him in its might,  
Antonius, when in cloudy height  
The swan Dircean plans a flight ;  
But as a Matine bee,

That, robbing thyme of sweets, pursues  
Its "flowery work"<sup>1</sup> midst Tibur's dews

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<sup>1</sup> "While the bee with honied thigh,  
That at her flowery work doth sing."

Milton, *Il Penseroso*.



From bank to grove, my tiny Muse  
Toils at her poesy.

But you, whose touch is firm and strong,  
Make Caesar's well-earned bays your song,  
And fierce Sygambrians dragged along,  
And up the Sacred Hill.

Gift of good Gods, and gift of Fate,  
Earth till the golden age might wait  
Till one return more good or great,  
Nor then its hopes fulfil.

Of Rome made glad by general play,  
When Caesar comes home, as we pray,  
Sing you, of courts, in holiday,  
Bereft of lawyer's plea.

I'll sing, if men will hear me sing,  
My best: "O Sun! fair Sun! to bring  
Our Caesar home! Hark, how they ring,  
The Roman streets, with thee"<sup>1</sup>

"Io Triumphe!" he draws near,  
"Io Triumphe!" Romans cheer,  
Again, again, and then revere  
Kind heaven, and incense strew.

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<sup>1</sup> Reading "Teque, dum procedit," after Orelli; and personifying "Io Triumphe" as the person addressed, as well as the cry uttered.

Ten bulls, ten cows, your rites fulfil,  
But I one tender calf will kill ;  
Of dam forlorn, he grazes till  
    My vows to heaven are due ;

Upon his brow bright curves are shown,  
A crescent moon but three days grown,  
With one white spot, and one alone,  
    The rest a tawny hue.

## III.

*Quem tu, Melpomene.*

He whom, Melpomene, thine eyes  
    Graced with one look on natal day,  
Will ne'er from Isthmian games a prize  
    For brilliant boxing bear away ;  
Nor in Greek car victorious ride,  
And his fleet coursers homeward guide.

Nor will it be his lot to bring  
    From tented field a triumph home,  
For crushing some too haughty king  
    Whose swollen pride had menaced Rome,  
And crowned with Delian laurel climb  
The Capitol, a sight sublime.

Quite other gifts the poet wait ;  
The streams that in their passage lave  
Rich Tibur vie to make him great,  
And all the woods their tresses wave,  
And nurture mid their leafy throng  
A master of Aeolian song.

And I too am a bard ! Yes, me  
Rome, Queen of cities, deigns to grace,  
Rome and her youthful progeny,  
Amid sweet singers grants a place,  
And takes me out of reach of bite  
From envy's tooth, and jealous spite.

O Mistress of the golden shell,  
Pierian Muse, whose skilful hand  
Controls its dulcet sounds so well,  
That swan-like,—did'st thou but command,  
Such gifts of song to thee belong,—  
Mute fishes would break out in song,

'Tis of thy grace, thy grace alone,  
That, minstrel of the Roman lyre,  
I'm pointed out in streets, and shown,  
And all the passers-by admire ;  
My very breath has come from thee,  
My power to please, if power there be.

## IV.

*Qualem ministrum.*

Like him who serves his bolts for Jove,  
The bird, whom in the air  
Heaven's king made king of birds that rove,  
Proved trusty by the care  
He took of Ganymede, the boy with yellow hair ;  
  
His native spirit, from the nest,  
Drove, still but young, the bird,  
Unversed as yet in dangerous quest,  
But when Spring's breezes stirred  
And chased the clouds away, unwonted flights he  
dared,  
  
Though half afraid his wings to try ;  
Anon on folds he makes  
A fierce swoop from his watch on high ;  
Then strikes at writhing snakes,  
And still in feast and fight a fierce delight he takes ;—  
  
Or like a lion watched with eyes  
Of fear by kid at graze ;  
His tawny dam the teat denies ;  
He weaned of milk essays  
Those keen young teeth that kill where'er he preys.

So Drusus fought 'neath Alpine heights,  
    Watched by the Rhaetian foe ;  
(Now why they armed them for their fights,  
    And always armed them so,  
With Amazonian axe, I have not cared to know ;

For to know all things is not right)  
    But hordes, which far and wide  
And long had conquered, learnt in fight  
    How intellect can guide,  
And what, though young the chief, true genius can  
    provide,

When fostered in a kindly school,  
    A home of noble deed ;  
They saw how the paternal rule  
    Of Caesar must succeed,  
To those two Neros shown, two boys of noble breed.

Brave sires and good brave sons create,  
    In steer, in horse we see  
The sire his worth perpetuate  
    And form a pedigree :  
Fierce eagles have not peaceful doves for progeny.

But teaching, for an inbred worth,  
    Means progress : train aright

The soul that is of noble birth,  
And you increase its might ;  
Neglect its morals, faults will leap to shameful light.

What, Rome, you to the Neros owe,  
Witness Metaurus' stream,  
And Hasdrubal's great overthrow ;  
Witness that welcome beam  
That put to flight the gloom of Latium by its gleam.

Ah! day of many days the first  
To smile and peace proclaim,  
Since on Italian cities burst  
The Afric fiend ; like flame  
Through pines, like Eastern blast o'er Sicel's waves,  
he came.

From that day forward all went well,  
Rome's youth fresh strength attained  
In every conflict that befell ;  
And fanes, so late profaned  
By Punic mobs, once more their Gods, their statues,  
gained.

At last perfidious Hannibal :  
"We stags," he cried, "the prey  
Of ravening wolves, gain nought by all  
This chasing day by day ;  
O splendid triumph this, to fail, then flee away !

- “This race escaped from Ilium’s fires,  
O’er stormy Tuscan main,  
Carried their Gods, their sons, their sires,  
Italian towns to gain,  
A sturdy folk, as hard as mountain oak in grain.
- “Though shorn of all its leafy pride  
By axe’s cruel stroke,  
Once dark on Algidus’ rich side,  
Still stands erect that oak,  
Loss, death, the steel itself, fresh hope and strength  
evoke.
- “Not Hydra, which when cleft in twain,  
Alcides, by defeat  
Enraged, saw straight grow whole again,  
Was monster worse to beat ;  
No greater Colchus reared nor Thebes Echion’s  
seat.
- “Drown it, and it will fairer rise ;  
Wrestle, it throws to ground  
The unscathed victor ; while the skies  
With long applause resound,  
And still at home its matrons talk of wars  
renowned.
- “I shall not now to Carthage send  
A messenger of pride,

The death of Hasdrubal put end  
 To us and ours: died, died  
 With him all hope and all the fortune of our side.”

Nothing there is that Claudian hand  
 And wit may not achieve;<sup>1</sup>  
 Jove's gracious aid they can command,  
 And diligence will leave  
 No turn of war untried Rome's perils to relieve.

## V.

*Divis orte bonis.*

Born when the Gods were kind on high,  
 Thou guardian of the Roman race,  
 Too long we miss thee from thy place;  
 The Senate on thy word rely  
 Their holy conclave soon to share;  
 O best and greatest, hear their prayer!

Restore to thine own land the light  
 Of that auspicious countenance;  
 For like the sun of Spring, one glance  
 From thee will make the world look bright;  
 Shine, and thy people will be gay,  
 Shine, and bring in a better day.

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<sup>1</sup> Reading “perficiunt.”



' A mother, when her soldier son  
Is stay'd on the Carpathian deep,  
By cruel blasts that o'er it sweep;—  
Long since his voyage should be done,  
And he, instead of stormy seas,  
Should be enjoying home and ease;—

With vows and prayers she calls him back,  
And lingers, gazing o'er the bay,  
And watching for him day by day;  
So, struck with sudden sense of lack,  
His people for their Caesar yearn,  
And trustful watch for his return.

What wonder! when, beneath his care  
The ox may safely roam the field,  
Fortune is kind to make it yield,  
And Ceres strong to make it bear;  
The sailor sails a peaceful main,  
And stainless honour dreads a stain.

From outrage our chaste homes are free,  
Both law and custom lewdness tame;  
And mothers their own praise proclaim  
When in their sons themselves they see;  
Each fault has its attendant due,  
Vengeance on sin doth still pursue.

Why fear the Parthian foe, or dread  
The Scythian from the frozen north,  
Or what rough Germany brings forth,  
With Caesar safe and at our head?  
Why tremble at the news from Spain,  
Lest its fierce tribes break out again?

On his own hills, each man in peace  
Closes each day, and weds the vine  
To trees which else like widows pine;  
Then at his wine reclines at ease,  
And with the second course implores  
Thy presence, and a God adores.

With many prayers he asks thy grace;  
Libations oft he pours of wine,  
To give thee at his household shrine  
Amid his household Gods a place,  
Grateful as Greece which Heav'n decrees  
To Castor and great Hercules.

“ Propitious chief! Oh let thy power  
Give Italy long festal days!”  
This is the prayer our lips shall raise  
When dry, at morning's early hour;  
This be our prayer, when, steeped in wine,  
We watch the westering sun decline.

## VI.

*Dive, quem proles.*

Did boastful tongue, and lust, and pride,  
O God, thy vengeance know?  
Ask Niobe whose children died,  
Tityos, and high Troy's foe,  
Phthian Achilles, who so nearly laid it low.

Match'd by no warrior upon earth,  
He quailed before thy might;  
The sea-nymph Thetis gave him birth,  
He shook his spear in fight,  
And the Dardanian turrets trembled with affright.

Yet as a pine will fall before  
The tooth of biting blade,  
As cypress in the tempest's roar,  
So he to fall was made,  
His neck, and all his length, in Trojan dust he laid.

Achilles was not one to lurk  
Within the horse, and pay  
Feigned rites to Pallas, harm to work  
On ill-starred holiday,  
To Troy and Priam's hall with dance and gladness  
gay.

To captives with an open ire  
He would have spoken doom,  
Thrown merest infants in the fire,  
O horror! made the womb—  
Alas, alas, for those poor wordless ones—a tomb!

Had not the father of the Gods,  
To thine and Venus' prayer,  
Vouchsafed by that great brow that nods,  
Aeneas should repair  
His fortunes, building walls once more with omen fair.

Minstrel! the Muse with voice that rings,  
Thalia, learnt thy lays;  
O Phoebus, who in Xanthus' springs  
Lavest thy locks, the praise  
O Daunian song maintain, smooth guardian of the  
ways!

From thee my inspiration flows,  
From thee my gift of song,  
His name to thee the poet owes;  
Let choirs thy praise prolong,  
Flower of our maidens, boys whose sires were brave  
and strong.

Wards of the Delian Goddess sing!  
She stags and lynxes fleet

Checks with an arrow from her string ;  
Keep Lesbian measure meet,  
And always watch my thumb from me to take the  
beat.

Duly Latona's boy be sung,  
Duly night's queen, whose clear  
And growing torch is nightly hung,  
The moon of harvest cheer,  
Who rolls the prosperous months so swiftly up the  
year.

And soon each girl, now made a bride,  
Will say, "Gods love the lay  
I sang at that glad festal-tide  
That brought the happy day,  
For did not Bard Horatius teach those numbers?  
Yea !

## VII.

*Diffugere nives.*

Fled have the snows ; the fields grow green ;  
The trees their tresses fair renew ;  
The earth puts on her vernal hue ;  
And rivers, dwindling, flow between

Their wonted banks. So mild the air,  
That now the Graces to the mead  
The Nymphs in merry dances lead,  
With all their shining beauties bare.

Think not for ever here to stay !  
Each year proclaims that man is frail,  
Each hour takes up the warning tale,  
And whirls away the kindly day.

Spring breezes thaw the winter's snow ;  
On spring treads summer ; summer yields  
To autumn, which upon the fields  
Her lavish wealth of fruits will throw.

Then lifeless cold is back once more.  
So range the seasons ; yet their waste  
By hastening moons is soon replaced ;  
But we, when once this life is o'er,

And we have gone where went the just  
Aeneas, father of our line,  
Ancus, and Tullus the divine,  
Are nothing then but shade and dust.

Who knows if, when to-day has fled,  
The Gods another morn will spare ?  
Spend on thyself, and cheat the heir,  
Dear heart, whose hands would rob the dead.

Once Minos' august words declare  
 Thy doom, Torquatus, eloquence,  
 Nor rank, nor piety can thence  
 Restore thee to the upper air.

Not Dian chaste Hippolytus  
 Could save from hell's all-dark domain,  
 Nor Theseus from Lethean chain  
 Could tear his loved Pirithous.

## VIII.

*Donarem pateras.*

My friends would find me generous  
 Of handsome bronzes, cups, and bowls,  
 And tripods won by noble souls,  
 Greek prizes; and while giving thus  
 All that was mine of rich and rare,  
 The best, not worst, should be *your* share,

O Censorinus! For, suppose  
 You pictures wished or statues; "these  
 Parrhasius painted; each who sees  
 Can trace his touch; or Scopas chose  
 To make a God or hero live  
 In marble"; were such mine to give,

Painting and statue yours should be.  
But I no trifles of the kind  
Possess to give, and your own mind  
From such desires is wholly free;  
For if to art your fancy leans,  
Your fortune does not grudge the means.

But 'tis in song you take delight,  
And song I'm able to bestow;  
Of song too I the value know.  
Take some old hero famed in fight,  
And make him live again and breathe  
In marble! would you then bequeath

His deeds to all the time to come  
Like mighty song? "From Scipio fled,  
With his own curses on his head,  
The Carthaginian, and the doom  
Of fire on impious Carthage came,  
From whence the hero took his name

Of Africanus"; this were praise!  
But not so great as to be sung  
By Ennius in his native tongue!  
Such monument the Muses raise.  
Should poets cease to write, your deed,  
However great, would lose its meed.



What were great Mars' and Ilia's son,  
If envious silence worth suppressed?  
Amid the islands of the Blest  
For Aeacus a place was won,  
Worth and the poet's grace can save  
A hero from the Stygian wave.

Let but a man deserve to live,  
The Muses will not let him die,  
But make him happy in the sky.  
So to strong Hercules they give  
The place so coveted above,  
At the high banquet of great Jove.

So, sons of Tyndareus, ye shine,  
Bright guiding stars, a ship to save  
Though battered by the boisterous wave;  
So Liber, garlands of the vine  
About his temples, makes ascend  
Our vows to a successful end.

## IX.

*Ne forte credas.*

Think not my words can e'er expire  
Because alone I dare  
To wed them to a Latin lyre  
With music new and rare,

I, born by Aufidus, who o'er  
The distance makes his waters roar ;

For though Maeonian Homer hold  
Above all bards the throne,  
Nor are Alcaeus' measures bold,  
Nor Pindar's odes unknown ;  
The Cean left some songs to time,  
Stesichorus some stately rhyme.

Not even trifles of the kind  
Anacreon wrote decay,  
'The passion in her muse enshrined  
Still breathes through Sappho's lay ;  
We feel her still her love rehearse  
In ardours of Aeolian verse.

Helen is not the only spouse  
Curled love-locks have betrayed,  
And made untrue to marriage vows ;  
The dress with gold brocade,  
The regal state, the princely train,  
That charmed her eye will charm again.

Ere Teucer shot, a shaft had flown  
From a Cydonian bow ;  
'Troy was assailed not once alone ;  
When Sthenelus aim'd blow,  
Or huge Idomeneus, in fray,  
Were these the first fights meet for lay ?

Great Hector of the fiery heart,  
Deiphobus aye keen  
'Mid sturdy strokes to play his part,  
Were not the first, I ween,  
To bear the brunt of deadly strife  
For tender child and faithful wife.

Brave men there were, not few, before  
Brave Agamemnon; they  
Have none to know them or deplore;  
Long night has quenched their day,  
Because no bard with sacred song  
Appeared their mem'ry to prolong.

A buried valour might as well  
Be cowardice; shall I,  
Who in my page great deeds might tell,  
Pass *yours* in silence by?  
Nor speak one word those feats to save  
From pale Oblivion's jealous grave?

For in you, Lollius, is a mind  
Sagacious, able, wise;  
Fair weather will it constant find,  
And constant stormy skies,  
A scourge of greedy fraud, nor prey  
To wealth that draws the world away.

For one year Consul? nay, true heart!  
But oft as pure and just,

For right you take the judge's part,  
With lofty bearing thrust  
The guilty backward and their pay,  
And through whole armies take your way.

You would not by the name of "blest"  
The man of millions call;  
To that fair name his claim is best  
Who wisely uses all  
The gifts of heaven, and could endure  
Hard poverty, should he be poor,  
And from disgrace alone would run  
As worse than death; yes, he  
Deserves the name of "blest" as one  
Who would not turn to flee,  
Should cherished friends, or fatherland,  
At any hour his life demand.

## XI.

*Est mihi nonum.*

I have a cask of Alban wine  
Quite full; nine years and more  
Have made it old; and, Phyllis mine,  
The garden holds a store  
Of ivy;—bind your shining hair;—  
Or if for weaving crowns to wear,

You wish it, parsley you may find ;  
The house with silver plate  
Looks gay ; with holy vervain twined,  
The altar scarce can wait  
The moment when the lamb we slay,  
And with its blood our offering pay.

All hands are busy ; to and fro  
Run troops of boys and girls ;  
The flickering fire is all aglow,  
Smoke mounts in sooty curls :  
All signs to warn you to prepare  
Of some great joy to take your share.

Know then, you are to keep the Ides  
Of April, month of love,  
O'er which the sea-born Queen presides ;  
Its midmost day above  
All other days is dear to me,  
A day of great solemnity.

And every year I own it right  
The day to celebrate ;  
For my Maecenas from its light  
His flowing years to date  
Begins, and makes it holy, yea,  
More almost than my natal day.

Young Telephus, the man you thought  
To marry, though too high  
In rank for you, has just been caught  
By a young heiress' eye ;  
Her wanton fetters clasp him round,  
And he is happy to be bound.

A fright ambitious hopes attends,  
As Phaëthon singed could tell ;  
And Pegasus grave warning lends,  
From whom his rider fell,  
Bellerophon,—a rider born  
Of our low earth winged horses scorn.

Be warned, and when you seek a mate  
A seemly course pursue,  
Think sin to aim beyond what fate  
And heaven assign to you,  
Last of my loves, for I disclaim,  
From henceforth, any tender flame.

Then learn by heart and practise o'er  
My songs, that I may hear  
The measures that I make, once more  
Sung by a voice so dear ;  
And as you sing, the black distress  
That tortures me, will torture less.

## XII.

*Jam Veris comites.*

'Tis spring, and now the Thracian gales,  
That form spring's retinue, are blowing,  
And as they fill the swelling sails,  
Their mastery o'er the sea are showing;  
The frosts are gone, and streams no more,  
Swoll'n by the snows of winter, roar.

The bird of woe now builds her nest,  
The air with cries of anguish rending  
For Itys, ah! poor tortured breast,  
To Cecrops' house shame never-ending,  
For though on barbarous kings it fell  
And lust, her vengeance was not well.

Now may you hear from grassy plain,  
Where flocks grow fat, a jocund measure,  
For shepherd pipes give forth a strain  
That fills great Pan himself with pleasure,  
The God whom every flock delights,  
Who loves the dark Arcadian heights.

'Tis thirsty weather, Virgil mine!  
You want a drink;—now don't deny it;

Well if you wish a vintage wine  
From Cales, you with nard must buy it;  
The noble youths, your friends, may well  
Provide you gratis; *I* must sell.

One little casket, you will find,  
Of nard, will coax from out its hiding,  
A cask of the most generous kind,  
Sulpicius' cellars are providing;  
A wine that can defeat despair,  
And take its bitterness from care.

If to such pleasures you would haste,  
Come; but don't leave the nard behind you;  
Or of my wine you do not taste;  
For why should I in bumpers find you  
For nothing, just as if I rolled,  
Like some of your rich friends, in gold.

But seriously, make no delay!  
From money-making take some leisure;  
The gloomy fires will claim their prey;  
Then while you can enjoy your pleasure,  
With some brief folly temper wit,  
Fooling is sweet when place is fit.



## XIII.

*Audivere, Lyce.*

The Gods have heard me, Lyce, yes  
The Gods have heard my prayer :  
You grow a hag ; yet none the less  
Conceited than you were,  
You wish to be admired, and play  
And drink in a most shameless way.

Then in your cups you whine, and call  
For Cupid ; slow is he  
To come, nay, will not come at all ;  
But blooming Chia—see  
O'er her fair cheeks who harps so well,  
He watches, willing sentinel.

Disdainfully he takes his flight  
From dry old oaks, and *you* ;  
He sees those wrinkles, ugly sight—  
Those teeth of yellow hue :  
He sees a head as white as snow ;  
No wonder that he hastes to go !

Bright is the Coan purple's stain,  
And pearls are rich and rare ;

But these can never bring again  
    The days when you were fair ;  
Winged Time as if with bolt and bar  
Has shut them in the Calendar.

Whither has fled your charm? your grace  
    Of movement? and the hue  
That once made fair that face, that face  
    That I so loved to view?  
For love breathed from you then and stole  
From me my very heart and soul.

For next to Cinara you shone,  
    Quite famed for winning ways;  
But Cinara's brief days are done,  
    While Fate your end delays;  
For you she lets the seasons grow,  
To match you with the beldame crow.

She means—I see her purpose clear—  
    Our young men all on fire  
To look on Lyce shall but jeer;  
    For who could still admire  
A beauty that has had her day,  
A torch to ashes fall'n away?

## XIV.

*Quae cura patrum.*

Should Senate, with all Romans, vie  
To give thy virtues endless fame,  
Could graven stones thy worth proclaim?  
Or could recorded page supply

The honours due to thee from Rome,  
O Prince of Princes? Might like thine  
The sun beholds not though he shine  
Wherever man may make a home,

Augustus! whose resistless sword  
The Swiss, long strangers to the strength  
Of Latin law, have learned at length,  
Is wielded by their future lord.

For Drusus, with thy eager hosts  
Laid low, with more than stroke for stroke,  
The fierce Genaunians, restless folk,  
And the fleet Breuni, from their posts

Upon the dreaded Alpine heights  
Dislodged; and scarce was struck this blow  
When down upon the Rhaetian foe  
(Fortune herself thy battle fights)

The elder of the Neros bore :

O glorious sight ! what havoc then

He wrought among those desperate men,  
Sworn to live free, or live no more !

Whole squadrons, see, he routs, and where

The fight is raging hottest, makes

A passage, much as Auster breaks  
Through waves that still his fury dare,

When cleave through yielding clouds the band

Of Pleiads ; so, with eager force,

The warrior spurred his neighing horse  
Through fiery foes on either hand.

Recall how like a furious bull,

The torrent Aufidus, whose waves

Apulia, Daunus' kingdom, laves,

Bursts downward when his stream is full,

And, as if raging with intent

To flood the crops, o'erflows his bank ;

So Claudius, mowing rank by rank,

Through mail-clad warriors slaughtering went,

Until in one great overthrow,

Without a single loss,—for thine

Were luck, and men, and bold design,—

Upon the earth he laid them low.

Yes, thine own Gods decreed that day  
Thy orders with success to crown,  
Conferring the long-wished renown  
Thy troops must win when they obey,

For lustres three had brought once more  
The day, when, port and palace set  
Wide open, Alexandria met  
Her victor on her suppliant shore.

The wild Cantabrian, whom, till now  
No arm could tame, the Scythian fleet,  
Indian and Mede, before thy feet  
In awe and wonder learnt to bow.

Thou guardian of fair Italy,  
Thou guardian of our queenly Rome,  
Where thy great presence has its home,  
All lands, all rivers, yield to thee;

Old Nile that still conceals his source,  
Ister, and Tigris swift of stream,  
And Ocean, where the monsters teem,  
That round far Britain murmurs hoarse.

The Gauls from death who never flee,  
And hardy Spaniards hear thy voice,  
Sygambri, who in feud rejoice,  
Lay down their arms, and worship thee.

## XV.

*Phoebus volentem.*

Apollo, when I wished to sing  
Of conquered towns and fights,  
Smote somewhat sharply on his string,  
Forbidding daring flights,  
And bade me mark how slight my sail  
For Tuscan wave and Tuscan gale.

O Caesar, what an age is thine !  
Once more our fields with corn  
Are rich : once more within his shrine  
Jove sees the standards torn  
From Parthian portals : stripped and bare  
They now no boasted trophies wear.

Now with closed gate, and free from fight  
Quirinian Janus stands,  
And those who wandered from the right  
Now own thy guiding hands ;  
Thy curb on licence has been strong,  
To bridle or remove the wrong.

Now ancient customs have revived,  
Whence Latin name was great,  
By which Italian interests thrived,  
Whence Rome derived her state,

Until from East to furthest West,  
Her power was known, her fame confest.

While Caesar guards the world and Rome,  
Our townsmen safe will dwell,  
No frenzy will disturb their home,  
No tumult sleep expel,  
Nor wrath that forges swords to slay,  
And plunges wretched towns in fray.

Not those who drink deep Danube's stream,  
Or roam in eastern lands,  
Seres, perfidious Persians, dream  
Of breaking thy commands,  
Getae, nor tribes that range upon  
Their native banks of distant Don.

Then let us sing whate'er the day,  
To feast or labour due,  
Gay Liber's gifts should make all gay,  
You wives and children you,  
If first in piety we go  
To pay to heaven the prayers we owe.

Sing we, as sang our sires of yore,  
Of all the virtuous dead,  
Of Troy, and those kind Venus bore  
To great Anchises' bed,  
Let Lydian flutes their music lend,  
And with their notes our voices blend.

CARMEN SECULARE.

*Phoebe sitvarumque.*

Phoebus, Diana silvan Queen,  
Bright glories of the sky,  
Ever adored since time has been,  
Adorable for aye,  
Our prayers at this glad season hear,  
For round has come the Sacred Year.

And on this year—for thus commands  
Of old, Sibylline verse—  
Pure boys and maids in chosen bands,  
A sacred song rehearse,  
A song to Gods who from on high  
Watch our seven hills with favouring eye.

“ O kindly Sun, in chariot drawn,  
All bright to bring the day  
And hide it; born at every dawn  
The same, yet different—may



Thy light in all thy travels come  
Upon no greater thing than Rome!

“O Ilithyia, timely friend,  
At birth-hour be benign,  
And still with care our matrons tend,  
Whatever name be thine!  
Shall we invoke ‘Lucina bright,’  
Or ‘Goddess of the natal rite?’

“O Goddess, let our offspring know  
Thy fostering care and aid,  
And let to prosperous issue grow  
The laws the Fathers made  
To strengthen the chaste marriage tie,  
By which our race may multiply!

“So that the cycle may not fail—  
Its years eleven times ten—  
But through all time complete the tale;  
Bring song and sport again,  
That thrice our throngs in shining day,  
Thrice in glad night, may sing and play.

“Ye Fates, too, prophets making sure,  
Things once for all averred,  
(And may Time’s landmark, still secure,  
Protect<sup>1</sup> the promised word,)

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<sup>1</sup> Reading “servet.”

Ordain to fortunes passed away  
A future with as bright a day!

“ May earth, prolific now to bear  
Its wealth of flocks and grain,  
Her spiky garland give to wear  
To Ceres; healthful rain,  
And breezes, taught by Jove to blow,  
Combine to make our harvests grow!

“ Apollo, mild and gracious be!  
Lay down thy dart, and hear  
Our boys who bend the suppliant knee;  
Queen of the starlight clear,  
Two-horned Luna, let the strain  
Of maidens all thy favour gain!

“ If Rome your work was; if were brought  
Unharm'd to Tuscan shore  
The squadrons that for Ilium fought,  
And, voyage safely o'er,  
The remnant here were charged to take  
New household Gods, new city make,

“ For whom the pure Aeneas shaped,  
While Troy was burning—he  
Who his own country's fall escaped—  
Shaped passage safe and free,

And brought them where they yet might find  
Far more than all they left behind ;

“ Make our youth docile, Gods, and good,  
Right in their minds instil ;  
Grant, Gods, to age that quietude  
That should old age fulfil ;  
Increase and bless the Roman race  
With honour, wealth, and every grace !

“ May he, since spotless ox is slain,  
Who draws illustrious birth  
From Venus and Anchises, gain  
His wish ; supreme on earth  
Still conquer, ready to forego  
Advantage o'er his fallen foe !

“ Now quails the Mede ; on land and sea  
The Alban axe is known ;  
Rome's awful might and majesty  
The Scyth and Indian own ;  
And while so proud they stood of late,  
Her words of doom now humbly wait.

“ Again neglected virtues dare  
Make Rome their dwelling place ;  
Honour, and Peace, and Truth are there,  
And Shame, that antique grace,

And Plenty comes again to pour  
From her full horn an ample store.

“And Phoebus, he the seer divine,  
Adorned with shining bow,  
Accepted comrade of the Nine,  
Whose healing virtues flow  
To human limbs, with art to bless  
And charm them from their weariness;

“If still he views with favouring eyes  
The altars<sup>1</sup> Palatine,  
Bright while another lustre flies,  
He makes Rome's fortunes shine,  
While Latium waits<sup>2</sup> a better age,  
A still increasing heritage.

“And Dian—Algidus her fane  
Can boast and Aventine—  
To her the Fifteen, not in vain,  
In humble prayer incline;  
And as from boys the vow ascends  
A listening ear the Goddess bends.”

That thus it pleases Jove above,  
And all the Gods, I tell;

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<sup>1</sup> Reading “aras.”    <sup>2</sup> Reading “prorogat, curat, applicat.”

I bring home hope, and time will prove  
This hope is founded well,  
For I was trained in Phoebus' choir ;  
His praise and Dian's claim my lyre.



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